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THERE'S GAS IN YOUR FUTURE

Christmas Eve at the White House

W. H. von Dreele

The Night before Christmas, with apologies to Norman Mailer

Larry Tritten

And, chestnut-wise, The True Sprit of Christmas

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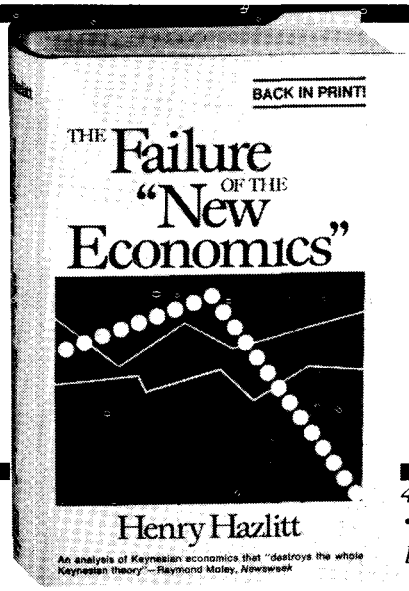
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NR NATIONAL REVIEW VOL. XXVI, NO. 1 JANUARY 4, 1974

IN THIS ISSUE . . .

. . . we proudly introduce some refreshing reflections on energy from one of the nation's most distinguished economists. **Armen Alchian** has been a professor at UCLA since 1946, and consultant to the Rand Corporation think tank from 1947 to 1964. Alchian and Allen's famed text, *University Economics*, is very simply the most insight-laden and entertaining single work in the field. His articles, several of which are acknowledged classics, have enlivened many of the best professional journals. In an era when Administration economists have clearly lost their grip, Professor Alchian keeps his by playing golf each morning (handicap: 9)—partly because pars and birdies are among the few things left that aren't yet taxable. . . . **Mrs. Elizabeth M. Whelan** has served as an epidemiologic consultant to a variety of voluntary and proprietary institutions and has also taught at Harvard. . . . **Larry Tritten** has written for a variety of publications including science fiction magazines and trade journals. He has lived in San Francisco for the last decade and can't imagine being content for long anywhere else. . . . As is our custom at Christmas we publish a piece by the late **Aloïse Buckley Heath**—well, actually only told *by* said authoress, the actual findings having been found and told *to* said authoress by some of her children whose uncle, *NR*'s Absolute Editor, is a delegate to the UN this year, making the piece *extra* appropriate. . . . **Pat Coyne** reviews the most recent novel of *NR* columnist D. Keith Mano in whose future she sees 25 more novels. . . . Merry Christmas.

—DO

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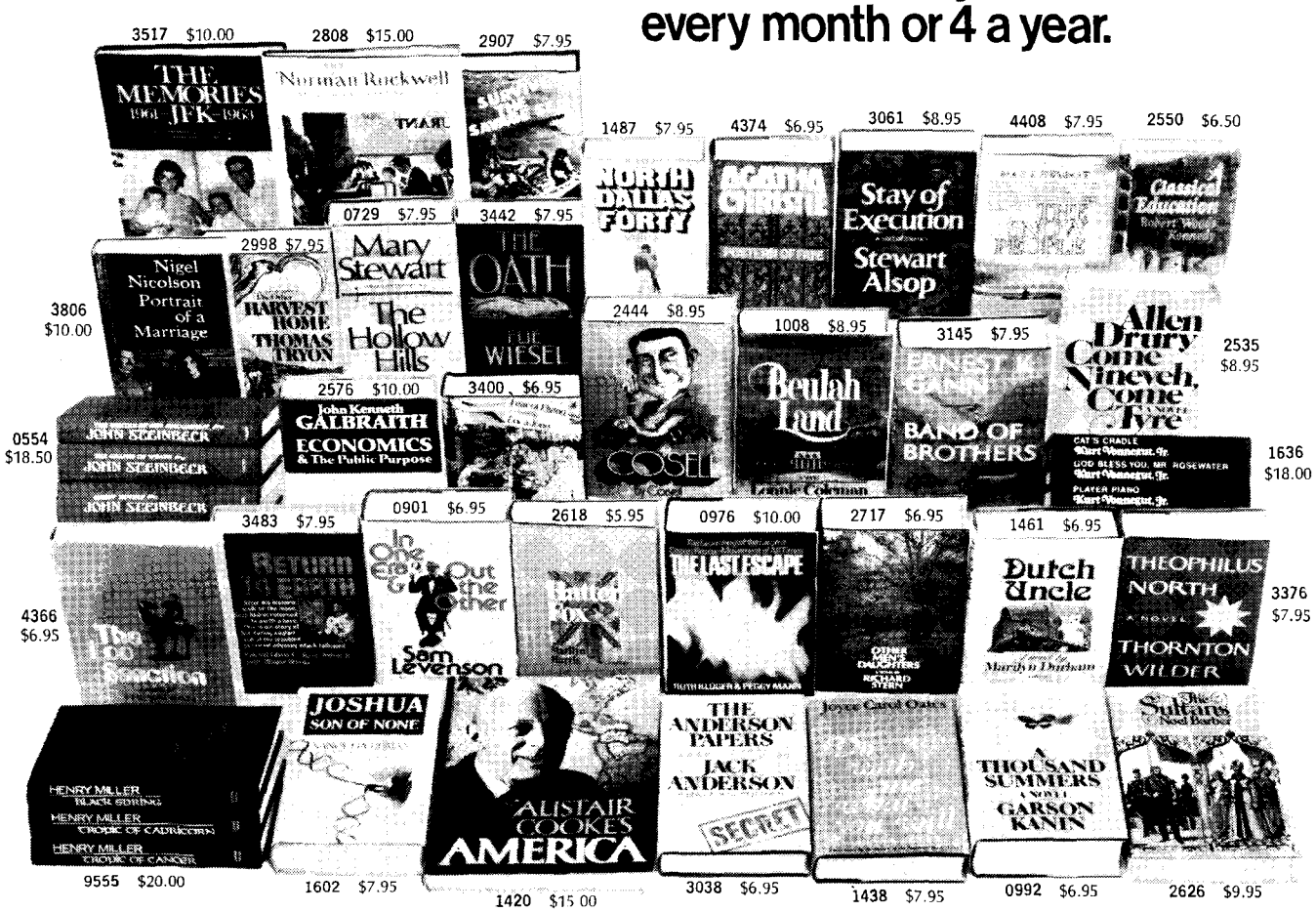

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Letters

The Old Impuritans

Duncan Williams' examination of current trends in literature, "The Liberty of Privacy" [Dec. 21], was intelligent and thoughtful. Indeed, current literature is even more circumscribed than the literature against which it is still, decades later, reacting: Dickens, for all that some of his good characters are too sweet to be believed and some of his villains are simply melodramatic—i.e., both lack human complexity—could also create genuine evil, and certainly genuine suffering; whereas at least some of the authors Mr. Williams lists will not admit the possibility that real human beings could ever be noble or loving or brave.

However, Mr. Williams seems to be not entirely on safe ground in his placing of the twentieth century in historical context. He says, for example, that *Duchess of Malfi* is not "typical" of its (rather loosely defined) period. In fact, it *is* typical of an important strain of English literature from about 1580 to 1640—the same strain as some early Marlowe, most of Ford, some Shakespeare. This strain died off, of course, when the Puritans took over the country, but much Restoration comedy, while not violent like Elizabethan and Jacobean tragedy, was every bit as cynical.

Presently the emphasis in English literature shifted, with the Augustans; the emphasis in modern Western literature will presumably do the same, even without the coming of a set of New Puritans.

Baltimore, Md. LAURA di STEFANO

Nixon

I have subscribed to NATIONAL REVIEW for six years or so; I still enjoy the magazine. However, I must decline to renew my subscription to *NR*.

Unlike, apparently, most of your readers, I am upset at *NR*'s failure to call for Nixon's impeachment. Nixon's removal from office would certainly not decrease the present level of efficiency of the executive branch as regards internal affairs. An even mildly long-range view makes one realize that external affairs would not be damaged if the President were convicted on impeachment charges; Americans could then say to foreigners, and could say with much pride, that no man in America is above the law. Nixon's lack of candor is hardly matched by a corresponding lack of evidence—the Huston plan and so on.

New York, N.Y. DONALD A. NEIDHARDT II

I read with the utmost interest and gratitude your sober and clarifying leader "Deliberate Sense" [Nov. 23]. Over here the BBC have declared President Nixon virtually insane. Their main source (from what I can gather) for this judgment appears to be the *Washington Post*, which I had always assumed to be an excellent march by Sousa.

London FREDERICK MONTCALM

As an old subscriber and admirer of NATIONAL REVIEW I am surprised you have been taken in, considering your long experience in the political arena, by the radical Left's recent letter writing campaign against President Nixon ["Down the Memory Hole," Nov. 23]. Since their loss of George McGovern they have gone underground—have given up marching as nonproductive—but have not given up destroying Richard Nixon.

A friend of mine, although a conservative, is given to associating with all types of characters. He has just returned from a trip through Texas, New Mexico, Colorado, and Wyoming where he rapped with a number of antiwar, anti-American, and strongly anti-Nixon types. He reported they are in stitches as to how they fed the liberal press and TV what they wanted, and at the same time fooled the conservative press and even such senators as Barry Goldwater by their latest attack. He said one cell in Boulder, Colorado bragged they were able to turn out as many as 50 letters a day using forged names and fake addresses.

Elk City, Okla. CLINTON R. PARR

I have been a subscriber to NATIONAL REVIEW from almost the start of its publication and have been consistently impressed by the depth of your analyses as well as by the consistency of your stands. Nevertheless, I feel compelled to write a few lines about the Watergate affair.

I cannot for the life of me understand your editorial position. (Some columnists, especially George Will, do not fall under this condemnation.) Put briefly, it seems

(Continues on page 51)

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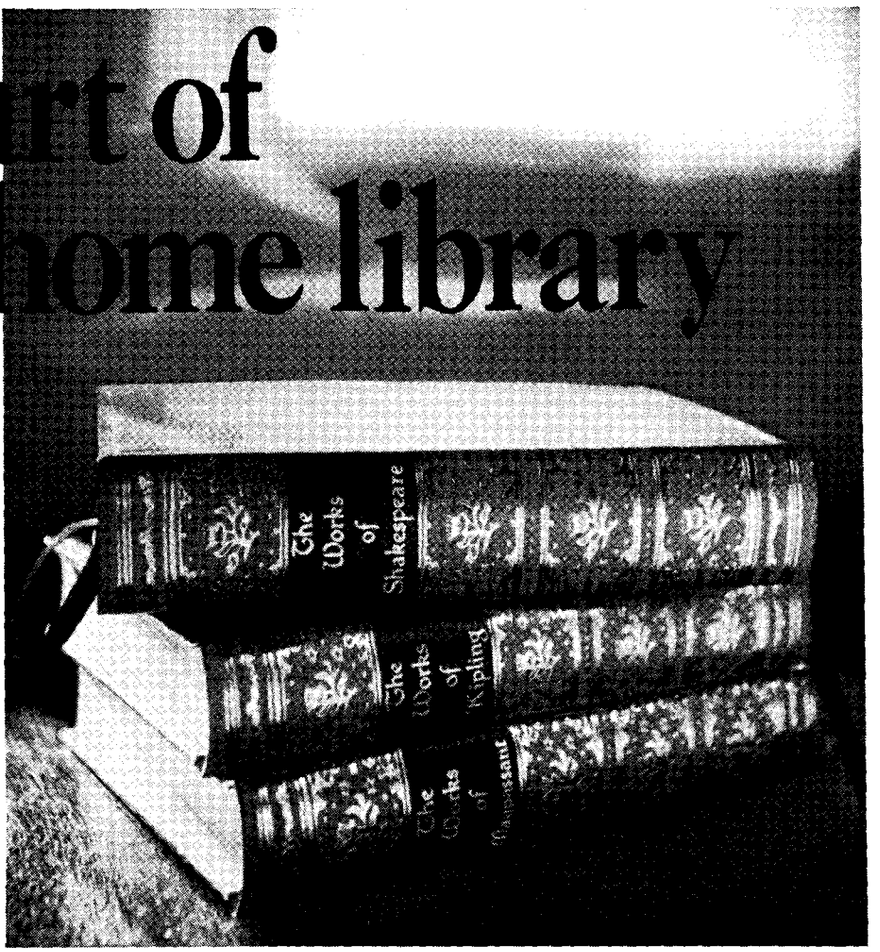

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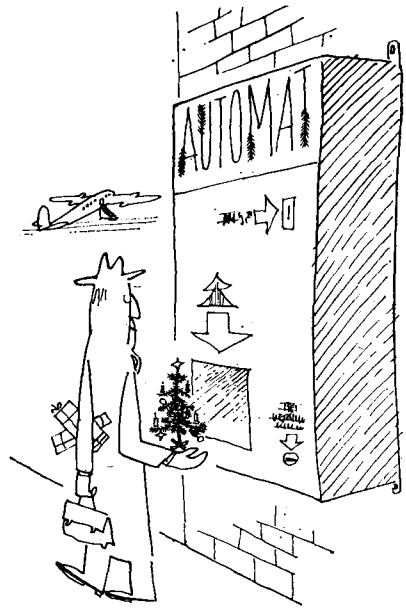
FOR THE RECORD

■ Ringing out the Old, a medley of year-end items: **Henry Kissinger** placed 2nd to **John Dean III** in the Spanish magazine *Mundo*'s Man of the Year Contest. . . . By Christmas week the price of **frankincense and myrrh** had tripled in the New York frankincense and myrrh market. (They use it for scented candles and perfume bases). . . . **Detroit** made it again, for the umpteenth time it has won the **Murder Capital of the Nation** title (693 killings through Dec. 1, expected to hit 750 by New Year's Day). . . . **Dominique Danielle**, the mobilized Madame of the Far West, has been turned down by the British Columbia authorities. She had asked for a subsidy of $33,000 to keep her "Bordellomobile" on the road in the service of isolated BC communities. . . . Former Army Chief of Staff **Matthew Ridgway** came close to stirring up new riots (in certain quarters) by hailing Senator **Lowell Weicker** for having "the moral courage to restate Americanism at its best." . . . **James Jackson**, functionary of the Communist Party U.S.A., had a Christmas dream come true. He received the Mongolian People's Republic's Order of Friendship Medal. . . . Secretary General **Gus Hall** has reinstituted Party cards for the first time since 1948. "The young people want them," he explained. "They're proud to be Communists." There are card-carrying Communists again in our future.

■ Author **Jules Witcover**, hoping to do better next time around, signed a contract with Viking to co-author a book on **Spiro Agnew**'s downfall. His last was *White Knight: The Rise of Spiro Agnew*. . . . **Erich Segal** and Yale ended *their* love story—Segal left singing the No Tenure Blues. . . . Former Illinois Congressman **Roman Pucinski**, muttering loud "Bah! Humbugs" at Washington bureaucrats, spent the pre-Christmas weekend stringing lights around the front of his house. . . . **White House**



Urs, Germany Rothco

visitors in 1973 were down 200,000 from the earlier **Nixon** years. . . . The Swiss, not to be caught short, had on hand for the arrival of the **Geneva peace talkers** (when they arrive): a square table, an oblong table, an oval table, a six-sided table, a seven-sided table (but not, apparently, a crescent- or Star of David-shaped table). . . . An Israeli firm has brought out a perfume called **Chutzpah**, with scents for men and women. . . . Presidential aide **Bruce Herschensohn** concluded that any Republican who had enjoyed 1973 must have had an "absolutely incredible sex life." . . . Christmas lights twinkled merrily in towns and hamlets in **Rhodesia**: no fuel shortage there, seven years of UN sanctions having taught the Rhodesians to make their economy as nearly self-supporting as possible. Rhodesia depends on oil for only 20 per cent of its power needs; it makes use of its abundant water power.

■ The very official *Office International de la Vigne et du Vin*, in Paris, reports that in 1971 (last figures totted) **Italy** finally outranked **France** as the world's greatest (in quantity) wine producer. **Russia** is third, **Spain** fourth, **Argentina** fifth, the **U.S.** sixth, but France remains Numéro Un in other categories, with a bar for every 250 people and one out of every four men and one out of ever 12 women an alcoholic, according to *Le Monde* survey. . . . The UN Economic Commission for Europe, based in Geneva, reports that **Yugoslavia** had the highest 1970 to 1973 inflation, a rate of 62 per cent. Others, in descending order: **Spain** 35; **Britain** 30; **Netherlands** 27; **Italy** 25; **Norway** and **Switzerland** 24; **France** 22; **Austria** and **West Germany** 20; **Belgium** 19. (Most Iron Curtain countries did not report.) . . . In Venezuela **Carlos Andreas Perez**, who went into the race an underdog, won the Venezuelan presidency, which surprised Venezuelans but not those Americans who knew he had hired political wizards **F. Clifton White** and **Joe Napolitan** to map out his campaign strategy and handle his media work. . . . In **Bulgaria**, most retrograde of Russia's East European satellites, they've gone to the market solution in the current oil crisis. Private car owners in Bulgaria are rationed to ten gallons a month, after which they can buy as much as they want at double the regular price. . . . The Arab oil boycott is worrying **Amsterdam** less than many another Dutch city. It gets, and has been getting for years, 7 per cent of its electrical energy from burning garbage. A number of West German and Swiss cities have also pioneered the garbage-into-power idea not so much because they needed the power as because landfill area was running short.

■ In Puerto Arenas, Chile, **Santa Claus** came to town, despite the nightly curfew, passing through the various military checkpoints with a safe conduct pass made out to him by the local Señor Alcalde.

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THE WEEK

■ Solution to the twin problems of inflation and the oil shortage. Why not take all the paper money and burn it?

■ Having gotten by Jove, America's Pioneer 10 continues on its journey out of the solar system. Ecstatic project scientists estimate that the spacecraft will continue to transmit information to earth from as far away as two billion miles, near the orbit of the planet Uranus. If all goes well, Pioneer 10 will depart the solar system in 1987 and thereupon enter the Milky Way. Now back to the tapes.

■ Last February, when President Nixon was sky high in the polls, the publishing firm of William Morrow & Co. signed a $250,000 contract with former presidential assistant William Safire for a book about Nixon. Safire finished the book in October. When the company requested it, he willingly made a few changes and cut 100,000 words. A few weeks ago, Safire was informed by Morrow that the book was unacceptable and that he should return his very sizable advance. Obviously, Morrow feels the time is not propitious for a book about Nixon entitled *A Hurry to Be Great*. Safire, like other former assistants of Mr. Nixon's, will soon have his day in court.

■ Subsidies to faltering enterprises invariably end up underwriting increasingly sloppy cost control, or paying ransom to monopolistic unions. Witness that Lockheed is again in financial trouble, despite the 1971 government guarantee of $250 million in loans. Or that New York's subways and buses somehow managed to run larger deficits with a 35-cent fare than they did in 1966 when the fare was only 15 cents. The call is out to "save" the 35-cent fare, on the theory that taxes are less onerous than charging according to use, and that federal taxes are least onerous of all. "Federal aid," says Governor Malcolm Wilson, "is absolutely necessary if fares are to be held." Don't New Yorkers pay federal taxes?

Rockefeller Molts

The snapping turtle sheds its shell.
Horns get the heave on each gazelle.
A snake will fret in last year's skin,
And ditto for its reptile kin.
But though you sense a little give,
And though he *seems* conservative,
Remember that a molting hen
Will grow them all back in again.

W. H. VON DREELE

■ In the enthusiasm over the fuel saved by driving more slowly, many forgot that time is also scarce and valuable—particularly for those who make their living on the road. Truckers brought the point home forcefully through strikes, sabotage, and blocked highways. A truck can cover 150 fewer miles in a ten-hour day at 55 mph than at 70: at 40 cents a mile, that means a loss of $60 a day for an owner-operator. Limiting the number of gallons per fill-up doesn't keep trucks from using the same amount of fuel on a given route, but it wastes valuable driving time. Though truckers, naturally enough, want diesel fuel prices set below current rates, they apparently don't understand that this would aggravate the scarcity: more would be demanded, less supplied. It is little consolation to know that if you could find any fuel, it woul be a dime a gallon cheaper. If you had some ham, v could have a sandwich. If I had some bread . . .

■ Tax forms are to be simplified next year. Taxpayers won't have to list contributions, or names of doctors and hospitals. Schedule B for reporting details of dividends and interest has also been eliminated. Anyone can use the short form, regardless of income. Now, if they would just make it easier to write the check.

■ C. Jackson Grayson was apparently chastened by his experience as head of the Phase II Price Commission. In the current *Harvard Business Review*, Grayson tells all: "Lumber controls were beginning to lead to artificial middlemen, black markets, and sawmill shutdowns. . . . Instances of false job upgrading—which were actually 'raises' in disguise—were reported. . . . shortages of certain products (e.g., molasses and fertilizer) were appearing . . . suppressed wages do not attract labor to areas where there are shortages . . . [wage-price controls] draw attention away from the fundamental factors that affect inflation." To his credit, Mr. Grayson doesn't shrink from repudiating the whole idea. "I am personally convinced," he writes, "that our economic system is steadily shifting from a private enterprise, free market economy to one that is centrally directed and under public control. Price and wage controls such as we have experienced in Phases I through IV have helped extend the degree of public control and to accelerate the rate of change."

■ The nice thing about any crisis is that all sorts of special-interest legislation can be enacted in its name. Thus the House energy bill was encumbered with six dozen proposed amendments, many of which were passed without debate or explanation. Petroleum exports for military use in Southeast Asia were banned, and other exports could be restricted by the federal energy administrator. There will be no allocation of fuel for school busing to achieve racial balance. Coal companies were exempted from a restriction on "windfall" profits, even though half

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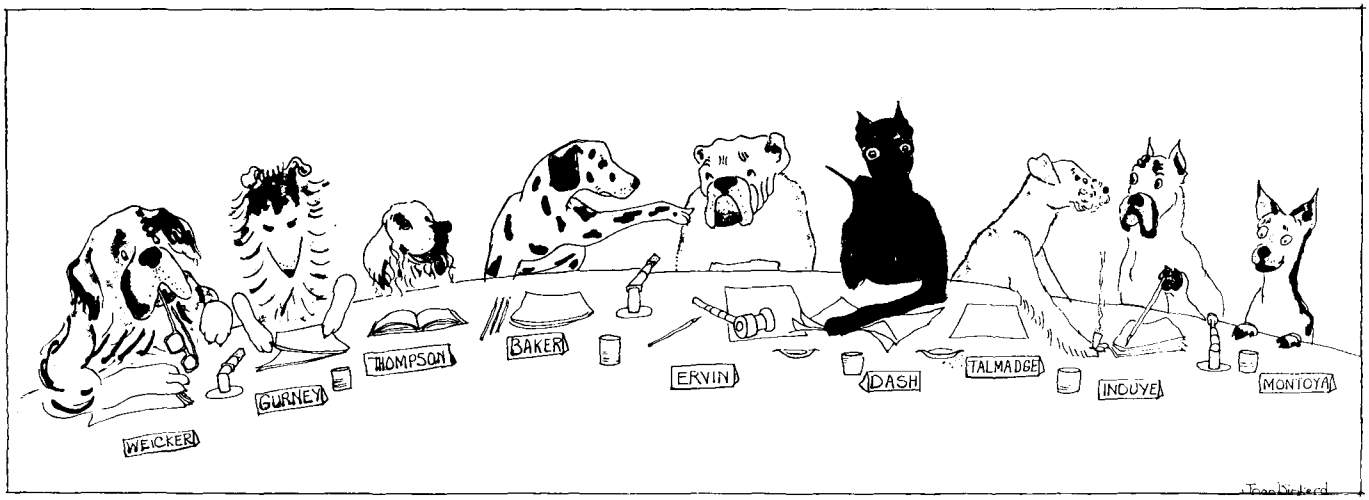
of the 15 largest coal companies are owned by oil and power companies. Oil dealers were given antitrust exemption, to permit them to band together to conserve (withhold?) fuel. Fishing, ranching, and related services were included in the priority allocation to agriculture. There were major cutbacks in environmental protection laws, and a bill to permit removal of existing emission controls in most areas was narrowly defeated. The House then defeated a move by Representative Wayne Hays to kill the bill because it had become "a can of worms."

■ Malcolm Wilson is now the governor of New York. Although he has stood in Nelson Rockefeller's shadow for 15 years, his name nevertheless is part of New York's political vocabulary. Especially the vocabulary of New York's conservatives, who count Governor Wilson as one of their own despite his statement that he is a "human rights liberal and an economic conservative"—whatever it means. Although he has publicly disputed Rockefeller only twice (once on abortion), his conservatism has been no secret. Some have said that Rockefeller, on the other hand, has always been secretly more conservative than he acted and that the Rockefeller now emerging is the true one. New York may be able to test just how far an honest espousal of conservative principles will take a man, and might have taken Governor Rockefeller. Although it is Malcolm Wilson who will be running for reelection next year, some of Nelson Rockefeller's prestige will be at stake as will be the control—Rockefeller's control?—of New York's influence in presidential 1976 (see below, "Rockefeller's Move").

■ Why were the Plumbers organized? Answers are coming thick and fast from former Administration members. Among the things the Plumbers were reportedly meant to find out, besides the chitchat at Democratic headquarters: Who on Kissinger's staff leaked information about our "Pakistan tilt"? Did the Democrats have contacts with Castro's Cuba? Was Daniel Ellsberg a KGB agent? Who told Jack Anderson that the U.S. was monitoring telephone conversations between Brezhnev and Kosygin? Was a KGB double agent's cover about to be blown? Did Ellsberg plan to give the Soviets detailed information on our targeting of nuclear weapons?

■ "We've outdone *The Communist Manifesto*," grinned Canada's Pierre Trudeau after he announced the Dominion's new oil policy (NOP). Although Americans will pay an extra $2.20 per barrel at Chicago refineries for Canadian crude, the government will take the entire amount, while freezing the domestic prices of crude and refined oil indefinitely. A new government petroleum corporation will be set up to engage in all phases of the business, and there will be no tax incentives to open up the vast Alberta tar sands. The new policy was announced one day after Canada's Energy Minister had assured the Toronto financial community the price freeze was to be lifted shortly. The minority Liberal government is dependent on Socialist support and the Socialists demanded the revised policy as the price for keeping Trudeau in power. The volte-face infuriated Alberta's Tory government, kicking off a major confrontation between the oil-rich province and the federal government. Outlook: less exploration, more federal-provincial battles, no surcease from the energy shortage.

■ In 1948, a Vatican decree automatically excommunicated all active supporters of Communism, thus barring them from the sacraments of the Church. In recent years the picture has become murky. Priests, in practice, have been administering the sacraments to Communists since the heyday of Don Camillo. In such countries as Hungary and Poland, where the Church and state have worked out an uneasy modus vivendi, priests have in practice applied the ban to Communist leaders while often exempting, *in pectore*, middle and lower level members who might have joined the Party in order to hold a job. Philosophically considered, Marxist materialism is completely incompatible with the Church's understanding of reality. Logically it would follow that a thoroughgoing Marxist ought to be excommunicated, as per the 1948 decree. On the other hand, it is fair to ask whether an individual who wishes to receive the sacraments could, indeed, be a Marxist. From a historical perspective, the



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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Score one for the freshman from Maryland. Republican Congressman Robert Bauman from Maryland's Eastern Shore has been in the House of Representatives only since winning a special election last summer, but he knows the rules, as Congressthing Bella Abzug (D., N.Y.) learned during a fight over an amendment to the energy bill. Congressman John Dingell (D., Mich.) proposed an amendment that would prohibit the allocation of fuel for the transportation "of any public school student farther than the public school closest to his home." Bella went bananas, calling the amendment "demagogic and racist." Then Freshman Bauman objected, citing House rules stating that no member can impugn the motives of another member. House Speaker Carl Albert ruled that Bauman had a point. Bella's remarks were expunged from the *Congressional Record* and she was forbidden to address the House for the rest of the day. Oh, yes. In the ensuing peace and quiet, by a vote of 221 to 192, the Dingell amendment passed.

■ Well, that takes care of that, or: now wait until we come to grips with the common cold. From Congress, those same wonderful people who gave us the Clean Air Act (which could not be complied with without shutting down Los Angeles and Washington and various cities in between), we now receive the clean, safe, and economical automobile. Congress has spoken and decreed that within a decade Detroit will produce cars that get a minimum of 20 miles per gallon. That's 20 miles per gallon of unleaded gasoline, of course. That's 20 miles per gallon while carrying hundreds of pounds of safety equipment which, by then, probably will include airbags and a device that will electrocute you if you try to circumvent the airbag. That's 20 miles as each gallon is burned—poof!—into something like Chanel No. 5, thanks to the catalysts making the emissions pure.

■ A group of electronics wizards has mulled and studied and experimented and fiddled and brought to bear the technology that made this nation great, etc. And they have learned? That Rose Mary Woods, Mr. Nixon's personal secretary, could not have accidentally erased the 18 minutes of Watergate-related conversation on a subpoenaed tape. To be precise, they said she couldn't have done it the way she thought she might have done it. Which is to say, the lamp and electric typewriter on her desk did not do it. What would we do without our technical experts?

■ Senator William Brock (R., Tenn.) earned the respect of many Washingtonians when he said the unvarnished truth about the effect of Watergate on Republican political chances. Brock, who is chairman of the Senate Republican Campaign Committee, attended the meeting with Mr. Nixon that GOP Chairman George Bush also attended. After the meeting Bush was asked if Watergate was discussed. No, Bush replied, because we were talking about politics, and Watergate will not influence voters. Then Brock stepped up to the microphone and acknowledged that Watergate had left the Party "wounded." To say such a thing in the White House briefing room is to break with a venerable tradition: no facts are faced there.

■ GOP BRIEFS: Now that's a radical proposal: give the Vice President something to do. Melvin Laird, who just resigned as the President's chief domestic policy adviser, thinks the President likes his suggestion that Vice President Gerald Ford be made head of the Domestic Council. . . . More bad news for the Republican Party. Pennsylvanians believe liberal GOP Senator Richard Schweiker can be beaten by the Pittsburgh mayor, Pete Flaherty, if the mayor decides to make the race. . . . Another question for Republicans: how badly do they want Alaska's unstable Democratic Senator Mike Gravel unseated? Badly enough to run former Interior Secretary Wally Hickel against him.

■ Civil libertarians—*charge!* The C Aeronautics Board told its people monitor the airlines' enforcement of the rule segregating smokers in their own section of the aircraft cabin. Quicker than you can say "I'm just an ol' country lawyer," Senator Sam Ervin denounced this CAB policy as "spying." The biggest crop grown in Ervin's North Carolina is *not* airplanes.

■ Those poor little lambs who have lost their way will not be found at the White House. The Whiffenpoofs of 1974, the singing Yalies, declined an invitation to sing carols on Mr. Nixon's lawn. The White House said the problem was "final exams." The Whiffenpoofs pooh-poohed that, citing politics: they were afraid caroling would be interpreted as a sign of support for Mr. Nixon. Some members wanted to sing and protest, both. One suggestion: replace the second verse of "Silent Night" with several minutes of "audible humming."

—CATO

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de facto weakening of the 1948 decree and its probable rescission are part of the long range accommodation of the Church to the existing arrangements in Eastern Europe and in those countries that have large and well established Communist Parties.

■ J. Paul Getty III is by no means the first kidnap victim in Italy. In the past 13 years there have been 322 known kidnappings; 312 of the victims were released after their abductors received a total of $30 million in ransom; eight were killed; and two are still missing. Although young Getty's billionaire grandfather denied authorizing any payments (the old man, never a soft touch, has 13 other grandchildren and he feared a trend), family sources say the kidnappers received the largest ransom ever paid in Italy, $2.8 million. Since Italian police have never had much success in capturing kidnappers, wealthy Italians have taken to hiring "gorillas," or bodyguards, who have training in karate and are licensed to carry guns. However, the kidnappers have not heard the last of the Gettys. The mutilated boy's father has promised to spend the rest of his life "teaching Italians the meaning of the word vendetta."

■ On October 19, Fr. Daniel Berrigan addressed the Association of Arab University Graduates in Washington, D.C., and his remarks were adapted and presented as an article in the October 29 edition of the publication

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Middle East. Fr. Berrigan's characterizations of Israel have received their due; less noticed has been the extremity of his rhetoric regarding the United States: America is a "consuming and killing culture. . . . America [not the Communists] kindled the holocaust in Vietnam . . . the filthy weight of American religious violence . . . Vietnam [was] assaulted in the name of Christian civilization. . . . [America is a] "fascist superpower. . . . At home, a slave mentality is progressively created: the reduction of rights of citizens, slave labor forces, slave wages, the domination of slave masters, politicized police, the militarization of national goals and policies." If rhetoric of this character is the note of Christian prophecy, then that must have been a Christian prophet back there in the Munich beer hall.

■ Listen: the Biltmore Mens Bar. Notice anything amiss? Listen again: the Biltmore *Mens* Bar. That's right! It's sexist! And Eleanor Holmes Norton, head of NYC's Commission on Human Rights, has announced that the bar must change its name, not because it nowadays refuses to serve women (it doesn't), but because its name "implies that the services are for men and not women." Hmmmm . . . the Biltmore People's Bar? And say—who the hell put this dizzy broad in charge of the commission, anyhow?

■ Just what *is* the difference between Chappaquiddick and Watergate? There are lots of obvious differences, but one that had eluded us has been supplied by British journalist Philip Norman, writing warmly of Teddy in the (London) *Sunday Times Magazine*: "Just as Nixon, equivocating, shrivels, Kennedy seems to grow bigger by his very reticence." That's the hell of it.

■ And in the same article, Norman makes his American debut as a VOICE OF MODERATION: "Today in America, more than ever before, guns are the voluptuous expression of constitutional liberty, twinkling archly at the hips of janitors, or traffic police, aching to be exercised upon a misdemeanor." Which is why we never jaywalk, and *always* wipe our feet carefully when we get to the office.

■ To Hell—yup, Virginia, there is a Hell—with the courts and their Constitution. Get out your pennies and trust in the Boy Scouts whose position is clear: "No boy can grow into the best kind of citizen without recognizing his obligation to God." Up in Hanover, Maine Claude Taylor was thrown out of the local Scout troop for crossing "God" out of the Scout Promise on his application. But how, after all, could such a lad possibly be brave, clean, *and* reverent? Sounds like a coming cause célèbre.

■ ERRATUM: In a slip between the Art Department and the Editorial Department, the fine cover photograph on the last issue of *NR*, Dec. 21, was credited to a nonexistent Mr. John Lucas. The photographer, whose first *NR* cover a year ago (Feb. 2, 1973) was of Senator James Buckley, is Jan Lukas. Mr. Lukas has recently returned from a photographic expedition in Taiwan, and in due course will produce a book.

■ The Soviets, whose few bona fide inventions include the omelet and the collective farm, are abandoning the latter in favor of—larger, amalgamated, state-run farms. Collectivizing the collectives, you might say.

Nixon's Tax Returns

That Richard Nixon is a modern Horatio Alger is hardly an original thought. Like his nineteenth century prototype, Nixon rose from relative poverty to wealth; and, beyond Alger himself, to the Presidency. Nixon accomplished all this through the virtues recommended by his prototype: self-discipline, hard work, husbandry, and the timely aid of wealthy benefactors. The Horatio Alger prototype is important in American culture. Not because so many Americans have become millionaires, though many of them have, but because many have acquired substantial wealth and high incomes. In many ways Nixon's career, though hyperbolic, is an emblem of postwar America.

Unlike Horatio Alger, however, the contemporary American success faces a special problem: how to keep as much of his wealth as possible in the face of tax laws which in the upper brackets can approach the confiscatory.

Looked at from the standpoint of Congress, the issue seems rather different. Congress might have said, in the manner of some European legislatures, that no one could become rich, and that all or virtually all income above a certain moderate figure would be taken by the state. But the American tradition is not egalitarian in that sense; such egalitarianism is, literally, un-American. Congress, therefore, posed the question this way: given the existence of substantial wealth, how should it best be used as a matter of public policy? Thus were written into the tax laws various deductions, or, as their opponents call them, loopholes. The deductions answered in the affirmative questions like: Should Americans be encouraged to buy homes? Should they be encouraged to borrow in order to buy and invest? Should authors and people of historical eminence be encouraged to donate their manuscripts and papers to public use? Are municipal bonds a good way to finance our cities? Should oil exploration be encouraged?

The left wing of the Democratic Party would answer with a resounding no. They would say that income above figure X ought to go directly to the federal treasury, its allocation to be determined by planners in Washington. But, to repeat, that is not altogether in the American tradition.

Many or most of the deductions, however, involve interpretation and are subject to difference of opinion.

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Here It Comes

I will extol thee, O Lord; for thou hast lifted me up, and hast not made my foes to rejoice over me.

The vision of William, what he saw concerning the year of Our Lord 1974, and the wonders thereof.

For the 57th consecutive year since the Bolshevik Revolution of 1917, freakish weather will be reported in the Soviet Union, leading to crop failures and the need to import basic foodstuffs from decadent capitalistic cultures.

Oswald Mayer will appeal the lower court's finding that he acted with malice.

Whatsisname, the Secretary General of the United Nations, will hold three conferences with Akmed and the Camel Driver, and the joint communiqué to be made public at the conclusion of their deliberations will contain a compromise recipe for turkey pot pie.

The following personages of rank and substance will cop headlines throughout the year: Postmaster General Charles Morton, President L. B. Ackerman of General Motors, Secretary of Commerce Stewart Baker, Premier Luigi Farnadi of Italy, President Emile Chienlit of the Maladroit Republic, Coach Lew Haskins of the Detroit Red Sox.

The upper court will sustain the judgment of the lower court that Oswald Mayer acted with malice when he slew Byron Harding's cow.

The U.S. Congress will pass 16,000 new laws relating to the energy shortage. Lamps will be dimmed all over the world as energy is shunted to Washington to handle the printing and distribution of the new statutes and the construction and equipping of the new edifices required to house the agencies created to handle the problems arising from the astonishing new energy crisis, which was analyzed and solved two years ago in the pages of NATIONAL REVIEW at the newsstand price of 50 cents.

The following currencies will collapse: the cruzeiro, the pound sterling, the pound stainless, the lira, the franc, the pound foolish, anything named peso, the dinar, the U.S. Murphy, the Canadian pelican feather, walrus tusks, election promises, all yens but one, moon rocks, paper silver, paper gold, paper paper, presidential papers, and counterfeit wampum. Genuine wampum, bearing the signature of the U.S. Secretary of the Treasury on the obverse and a touch of blasphemy above the engraved portrait on the reverse, will remain legal tender for the payment of all bounty on Indian scalps.

Attorney for the defense will argue that it was not malice but simple retributive justice, Byron Harding's cow having previously eaten Oswald Mayer's pawpaw tree.

Closer cooperation among the nations of the Atlantic Community will be the subject of a two-week conference in Brussels. This is the same conference that met in 1961, 1972, 1960, 1965, 1971, 1963, 1970, once again in 1970 (Geneva—the weather was glorious that fall), 1967, 1966, and of course 1903. No harm will be done.

Thou hast turned for me my mourning into dancing: thou hast put off my sackcloth, and girded me with gladness.

Electric workers will oppose the establishment of national "daylight saving time" on the grounds that the sun represents cheap foreign competition and will create unemployment in the electrical industry. The Congress will pass an Emergency Relief Act that will provide compensatory subsidies to workers disadvantaged by "daylight saving time." All such subsidies will eventually exceed the amounts spent by petroleum companies on refineries and exploration.

The court will note that, prior to the act of violence against the cow, Oswald Mayer had demanded that Byron Harding pay him a sum representing damages incurred by his pawpaw tree during and after the process of eradication, discerption, mastication, ingestion, multiple regurgitation, and bleep bleep by Byron Harding's late cow.

The following currencies will be as good as gold: any chemical element having an atomic weight of 196.967.

Etaoin will be seen keeping company with shrdlu.

Henry Kissinger will hold conferences in every city in the world, every town, and some small villages, doing the work that might have been done by the 45,000 paid employees of the State Department if they hadn't suffered an unaccountable energy shortage.

The Dow Jones Industrial Average will plummet (as they say) to 700, then soar (or "explode") to 1200, then replummet (or "consolidate") to 650, then resoar to exactly 1273, closing the year at 413π, plus or minus five clams. These figures will as always be reversible and interchangeable, and all false rallies in a bear market will be subjected to technical correction by Rose Mary Woods's great toe.

The court, *enfin*, will note that Oswald Mayer's request for damages was refused by Byron Harding, that Byron Harding offered in good faith to swap his cow, which was at that time great with pawpaw tree, for Oswald Mayer's wife plus two barnyard fowl, and the issue thereof *in perpetuo*, plaintiff deposing that previous contractual agreements precluded the payment of cash, on the grounds that medical expenses in connection with the armed rebellion were not covered by the Royal Insurance Society, and that payments in lieu of cash are permitted under the Venus and Adonis precedent. On or about July 15 (Day of National Glory), the court will adjourn *sine die* to join the Mayers and the Hardings for barbecued cow in the pawpaw grove. And wilderness were paradise enow.

It will, in fact, be a completely normal year. That's the way the Lord designs them.

To the end that my glory may sing praise to thee, and not be silent, O Lord my God, I will give thanks unto thee for ever.

—WM. F. RICKENBACKER

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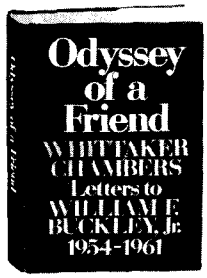

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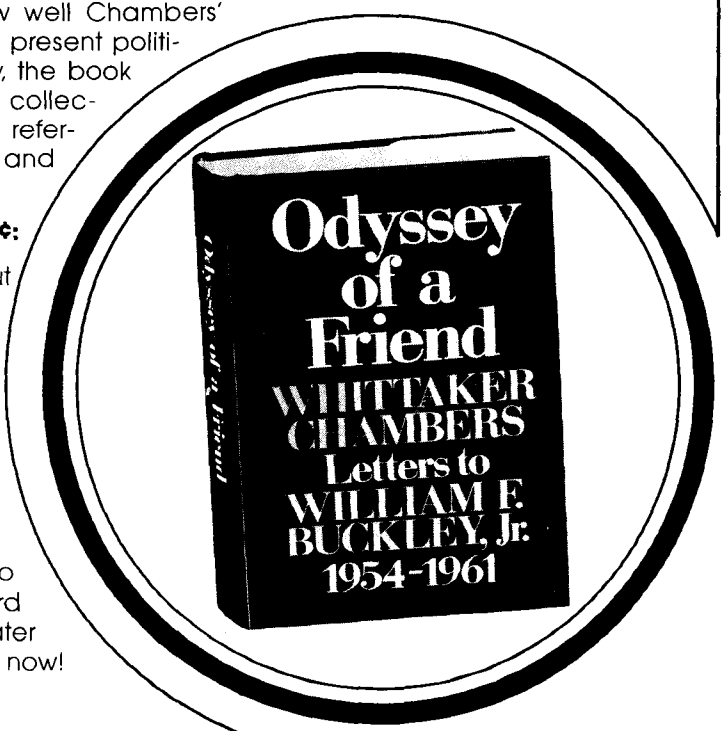
Chambers writes about Bill Buckley and how their friendship developed, Richard Nixon, **National Review**—its history, personalities, early trials and successes.

In addition, there is an excellent "forward" to the book which recounts the whole Hiss-Chambers controversy. Possibly the greatest value of the book lies in its uncanny relevance to today's troubled political situation in Washington. There are so many parallels between the Hiss case and our own convoluted Watergate affair, one of the more fascinating aspects of "Odyssey of a Friend" surfaces when you realize how well Chambers' remembrances of the past put our whole present political situation into clear focus. Incidentally, the book is completely indexed (very unusual for a collection of letters) to document for your easy reference the complete range of subjects and people mentioned in the book.



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Hundreds of thousands of taxpayers have had deductions challenged by the IRS and have had to pay back taxes. April 15, indeed, has become the date of a kind of Super Bowl, pitting the taxpayer against the IRS. It is significant here that in recent years the right of appeal from an IRS decision has been substantially extended: you can hardly play a Super Bowl without referees.

Nixon's tax accountants obviously played the game hard, very hard. The various deductions are now being scrutinized. It is possible that Nixon will owe some back taxes. It is possible that he will not. The tax returns do not indicate that he is a crook, to use the word he employed in his Orlando press conference.

It is fair comment to say that he might have contributed more than minimal amounts to charity, or to criticize his amalgamation of expense money with salary. It is not fair comment to say that he ought to have paid more than he was liable for under the laws passed by Congress.

Rockefeller's Move

A Harris poll on the Republican nomination taken before Nelson Rockefeller's resignation as governor showed him standing at a lowly 6 per cent—trailing Ford, Reagan, Percy, Baker, and Connally. This could prove to be deceptive. During the past few years Rockefeller has been positioning himself—no doubt in response to events, but also, and perhaps increasingly of late, by conscious design—to be a viable candidate for the nomination.

In his three earlier tries, or semi-tries (1960, 1964, 1968), Rockefeller presented himself as an Eastern liberal. In 1960, he insisted on inserting into the Republican platform praise for the Southern "sit-in" movement. In 1964, he insisted on characterizing his opponents as "extremists" and "fanatics" who were intent on appealing to "dark" impulses and who were outside the Republican "mainstream." In 1968 he entered, exited, and re-entered, in the process trying to fashion a New Politics heir-of-Bobby image. To no one's surprise, except evidently his own, all of this availed him little. As everyone knew, except evidently Rockefeller, the Republican center of gravity had shifted south and west. Conservatives controlled two-thirds to three-fourths of the convention votes. The *mot* circulated that, after all, Rockefeller had never needed to learn to count.

As a matter of fact, even in the Old Rockefeller of the losing campaigns for the nomination there were themes to which conservatives would naturally be sympathetic. First and foremost, he is sound on national defense. He has never been under any illusions about America's ability to sustain its role in the world from a position of military weakness. This has been a constant Rockefeller theme from 1959 on. Rockefeller also gave long and important support to Nixon's Vietnam policy.

Since 1968, however, other themes have emerged. As of 1968, Rockefeller was the advocate of expensive and expanded welfare. Two years later he had launched a tough crackdown on waste and fraud in the existing programs and allowed himself to observe publicly that Ronald Reagan knew more about welfare than anyone else.

The effect of Rockefeller's new narcotics law remains to be gauged. His approach here, however, placed him in opposition to the liberal establishment in New York State.

At Attica prison, Rockefeller demonstrated that revolutionary rhetoric would not become the up-to-date version of a file baked in a cake.

There have been a good many other aspects of the Rockefeller performance, each of them helping to shape his new political identity. He gave only nominal support to liberal Charles Goodell's senatorial campaign. His feud with John Lindsay had an inhibiting effect on Lindsay's consuming political ambitions. He has promot the political fortunes of conservative Malcolm Wils He paid his party dues by campaigning for conservativ Charles Sandman in New Jersey.

Rockefeller has also been getting out of New York and speaking around the country, and his tone and content have both gone down well with the Middle American audiences who represent the heart of the Republican Party.

No doubt Rockefeller still has liabilities. Most professionals think his staff has always been too big and unwieldy. He is associated with high taxes and big government. Many Catholics and others resent his veto two years ago of a bill that would restrict abortion. A certain innate clumsiness persists, and probably always will.

He also has formidable rivals possessing strong claims to conservative support. Nevertheless, for the first time in his long and in many ways curious career Nelson Rockefeller has to be taken seriously as a candidate for the Republican nomination.

Fat Cats v. Aged Poor

The ritual of setting a "ceiling" on the national debt and then raising it every year or so has at least one effect: it provides a debt-ceiling bill to which various unrelated "amendments" can be added without messy hearings and without much chance of a veto. The House Rules Committee had voted to tack a broadened minimum tax and an accelerated 7 per cent increase in Social Security benefits onto a bill to raise the debt ceiling. Three committee members reversed their votes the next day, however, when they belatedly discovered who would be hit by the tax "reform": of the $865 million in added business taxes, $325 million would be paid by the oil and gas industries—which surely have enough problems. Savings institutions, which are hardly bursting with surplus funds, would also pay much higher taxes. Some 300,000 private individuals would pay an additional $1.6 billion—mainly in higher capital gains taxes to discourage investment in

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such fields of abundance as petroleum, agriculture, paper, and housing.

House Majority Leader Thomas O'Neill considered the proposals, which are still expected to emerge in some form, "an opportunity to raise $3 billion from people who can afford it and give some of it to senior citizens who need it." But senior citizens also need the products which that income calls forth. Social Security benefits have risen 52 per cent in the last five years. Considering the impact of Social Security *taxes* on the working poor, and of the tax-free benefits to the retired rich, it is by no means certain that Social Security is a net benefit to those in need. There is little doubt, however, that many voters have been conditioned to view such issues as self-evident justice, regardless of how often the redistributive principle is applied or with however little success.

ng, Cold Winter

Britain has been hit hard by the Arab oil embargo, but it is the slowdowns and work stoppages by her own coal miners, locomotive drivers, and electrical engineers that have kept, respectively, enough coal from being produced, the coal that is produced from being taken to electric generating plants, and what electricity is generated from being distributed.

Taken separately, neither the oil embargo nor the slowdowns would have been fatal. Seventy per cent of Britain's electricity is normally generated by coal. Had the slowdowns occurred alone, some of the plants could have switched to fuel oil; had the oil embargo occurred alone, gasoline consumption would have been affected, but not industry or residential heating. It is the pincer attack that is making this winter so very long and cold.

Prime Minister Heath, in his austerity speech on December 13, asked homeowners to heat and light only one room at a time (even Buckingham Palace has miles and miles of unheated, unlit corridors). Steel and glass manufacturing plants have had their electricity reduced by 35 per cent. The steel shortage in turn has cut automobile production drastically; that does not affect drivers much, since the gasoline shortage has cut automobile use anyway, but it may cause many workers to be laid off. While some manufacturers simply had their power cut, others are being given full power—but only three days a week. Retail stores can use electricity only three days a week; the rest of the time they must use alternative heat and light sources.

For the unions to attack right now makes tactical sense (the most determined anti-inflationist would find it hard to be firm while his country's production drops by nearly a half and the stock market plummets), although it is hardly in the best blitz tradition. As Anthony Lejeune points out ["Britain's Rudderless Conservatives," p. 26], it is Edward Heath himself who contributed largely to the death of the blitz spirit. By beginning his first union negotiations with rhetoric that was not merely firm but rigid and then suddenly caving in and giving the strikers most of what they wanted (as he did in the coal miners' strike two years ago), he set the stage for just this kind of action.

Britain's and the Conservative Party's best hope now is that William Whitelaw, the skilled negotiator of the Northern Ireland accords, will be able to conciliate the miners without giving them the dangerously high wage increases they are demanding. He might, in the process, show himself to be the leader the Conservatives need if they are to survive this winter of discontent.

Terrorists: War Now

In an attack upon an American 707 in Rome, Palestinian terrorists killed 31 people and destroyed the plane. They then hijacked a Lufthansa airliner and flew to Athens, where they terrorized the passengers to support demands for the release of two Palestinian terrorists being held in Greece.

The immediate motive is clear enough. In the forthcoming Geneva conference, the stateless Palestinians are not represented, except insofar as the spokesmen for the Arab states address themselves to Palestinian interests. The terrorist attacks in Rome and Athens are the Palestinians' response to the Geneva arrangements.

It is now clear, however, a) that none of the measures so far taken can prevent such terrorist attacks, and b) that they are literally intolerable. The lives of American and other civilians are at stake. Definitive measures are called for.

The President should therefore request from Congress authorization for the use of military force against the terrorists, their leaders, and if necessary against their constituents. Such force would certainly include, in reprisal for terrorist attacks, clandestine operations against identifiable terrorist leaders. It would include, if necessary, air strikes against terrorist bases within the Palestinian refugee camps. No doubt the loss of civilian life in such attacks might be very high. But the Palestinian leaders should be put on notice that if American and other civilian lives are to be lost in this kind of warfare, their own civilians will not be immune—and most particularly their own convicted colleagues, detained in jails throughout Europe.

Words to Warm Your Toes By

Professor Marc J. Roberts of Harvard, writing in the Spring issue of *The Public Interest*:

"In 1971 the United States satisfied . . . less than 4 per cent of its oil needs with oil imported from the Middle East and North Africa. . . . Iran and some of the sheikdoms are very conservative—even feudal. Libya is run by a revolutionary military junta. How likely is it that enough of these nations would ever sufficiently agree

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on any political aim to be willing to pay the very high costs of an effective voluntary supply shutoff? . . . Without quotas, if OPEC were foolish enough to price themselves increasingly out of the U.S. oil market, then U.S. production would expand further under the impetus of normal business forces. . . . Such an event seems quite unlikely—after all, why should OPEC want to do that? Thus the possible harm of higher prices in the two to six year interim during which U.S. output expanded would seem a contingent cost worth risking."

Well, both the "unlikely" supply shutoff and astronomical price increases are now past the contingent stage, and the embargo will reduce U.S. fuel supplies by substantially more than "4 per cent" (actually, 10.1 per cent of our oil *and oil products* came from the Middle East in 1971, and that was a low year). Which is not to chastise Professor Roberts, whose confident prognostications were shared by several of our favorite economists. Perhaps economics, like water, simply doesn't mix well with oil.

Death of God Exaggerated

Both informal observers and such professional students of American culture as Martin Marty and Andrew Greeley have noted that something new is stirring in American religious consciousness.

Since the end of World War II we have seen at least two distinctive phases in our national religious life. The postwar expansion of the suburbs and the flight from the old ethnic neighborhoods produced the distinctive style of the 1950s: church and parish oriented, the affirmation of group identity in congregation and synagogue, which hostile critics with much unfairness labeled "conformist."

The key word in the 1960s, of course, was "secular." Vatican II sought an "opening" to the "modern world." In theology, a prominent theme was the desirability of immersion in the secular city. Influential voices, such as Dietrich Bonhoeffer's, questioned the usefulness of the idea of God and spoke of a "religionless Christianity." Clergy tended to become activists in various secular causes—in the civil rights movement, in the antiwar movement, in the slums, in the think tanks, and in the foundations. Not surprisingly, if God (assuming that He existed) were to be found in the "world," many clergy, including many priests and nuns, drew the obvious conclusion and quit.

The key word of the 1970s seems to be turning out to be "spiritual." On the campus, the traditional churches and religious organizations have experienced a quickening of activity, but this activity has not in the main been political or social. Meditation, prayer, quiet exploration, and scholarship appear to have a much higher priority. The focus is less on the world than on the individual life. Various Eastern and other traditions have their serious devotees. The same shift is observable in the society at large. Vitality noticeably has passed to those denominations and movements whose concern is frankly and forthrightly with the soul and salvation. The audience has withered for sermons on South Africa or on the military-industrial complex.

All such change has a broad dialectical character, a kind of dialogue among the decades. Yet a period of calm and inwardness is no unwelcome thing. The idea of ultimate reality is a powerful and perennial one, and in comparison with it the activist clamor of the 1960 must inevitably come to seem external to the individual life.

Notes & Asides

■ MEMO TO: WFB
FROM: PLB

Bill: Vital: say something in N&A about the fact that once again this year we will not be publishing the first January *NR Bulletin*, so for heaven's sakes will the 4,000 librarians out there please not write in and ask what in the hell has happened to the *Bulletin* of Jan. 11 Thanks.

■ Mr. William F. Buckley Jr., Hero of my Idealistic but Misguided Youth:

Have you ever opened up [re energy crisis column a gasoline pump and changed the prices in the icy winter?

After you have done this for several consecutive days please let me know. I have some more suggestions for you. Sincerely,

Nancy Greaves
Okmulgee, Oklahoma

Dear Miss Greaves: A price per gallon and a pocket calculator are all you need. Next?

—WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: I read somewhere that you don't send out Christmas cards. Okay—and you can whistle before I send you a Christmas card. *Lex talionis*, as you would say. Regards,

Ella F. Winter
Chicago, Ill

Dear Miss Winter: I am sorry; but I recognize the merit of your point. Merry Christmas. By the way, the law you cite was repealed by the gentleman whose birth your Christmas cards celebrate. Cordially,

—WFB

■ Dear Bill:

Will you please consider an honorable settlement of that ridiculous Chaucer flap between you and D. W.

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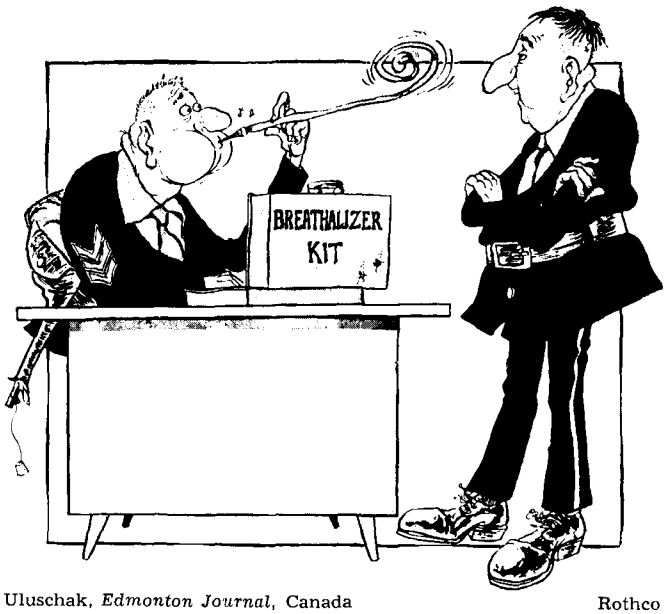

Uluschak, *Edmonton Journal*, Canada — Rothco

"That's our New Year's Eve model!"

Robertson, "Notes & Asides," Dec. 7? By my reckoning, you lose point a), win b), and tie c) and d)—which, on the whole, is very very good for someone who has only recently come upon "the ayenbite of inwit." Regarding a), the better manuscripts are unanimous: the Pardoner said *radix malorum est cupiditas*, and that's that. Advantage Robertson. As for b), there's nothing wrong, tastelessnesswise, with your approximate quotation containing *omnium*. In fact, Chaucer omitted the word only to avoid messing up the poem's meter; had he been writing in prose or, say, in hexameters, he undoubtedly would have given us the full canonical version. Which he pretty well does in the prose *Tale of Melibee*: "For the Apostle seith that coveitise is roote of alle harmes." Point c) remains moot, though I think it's a good guess that *radix* should be taken as "*the* root," not "*a* root." But no proof. I declare a draw. (Nor is there any appeal, of course, to the *Melibee* passage; the omission of debate-settling articles is one of those occasional perversities of East Midland English.) Draw again on d), your general point that "cupidity isn't the root of all evil." You're probably right—ascetic liberals and the *New York Times* have to count for *something*—but why mangle St. Augustine? He is unequivocal about *cupiditas*, whatever it now means, being *radix omnium malorum*. Anyway, "Namoore of this, for it is right ynough!" Best,

Carl T. Berkhout
Notre Dame

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Look how the tables have turned! Your column criticizing Judge John Sirica confirms that you're basically a bleeding heart cryptoliberal after all. Sincerely,

John J. Rehr
Del Mar, Calif.

Dear Mr. Rehr: I dunno. I never criticized 35 years for first-time burglary, maybe because no one ever handed down 35 years for first-time burglary. Regards,

—WFB

■ Dear Friend:

I thank you for your communication about my debate with Lowell Weicker. And I apologize that the volume of mail requires that I answer by form letter. It is the purpose of this letter to seek to acknowledge the points most frequently made, and I regret it is not possible to answer all the questions.

1. To those of you so kind as to compliment me, my most sincere thanks for taking the trouble to do so—I am truly grateful.

2. To those who ask about NATIONAL REVIEW, I enclose a subscription form.

3. To those who ask about a transcript, you will have to write to CBS-TV, 51 West 52nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10019.

4. To those who think I did not spend enough time on serious analysis, I observe that it was a two-hour debate, cut down to 51 minutes, and much of what I said at Yale was not in the CBS version. (As much is true of Senator Weicker's presentation.)

5. To those who think the vote was perverse, I observe that the tradition at Yale is to vote your own feelings about an issue, not about the debate. My feelings weren't hurt. And, as a matter of fact, the argument that the Ervin Committee hearings have been "vindicated" is a pretty good argument. I could make it myself without any embarrassment whatever.

6. To those who are reminded by the debate how incompetent, and/or supercilious and/or ignorant and/or loathsome I am, I can only say, with deep regret, that I do not doubt that if you knew me better, your suspicions would be confirmed.

With all the best, and thanks for letting me have your views. Yours cordially, **—WFB**

Greetings from a Depression Baby

How stands the Dow as Santa jingles by?
At Merrill Lynch they're pale as Tiny Tim.
No window suicides becloud the sky,
But this investor's looking pretty grim.
I wrap my Christmas gifts, recalling Him,
But other thoughts intrude upon my day:
Like when the boss decided he should trim,
By 45 per cent, my old man's pay.
That year we failed to sing a roundelay;
(As I recall, the year was '36).
The atmosphere was less of manger hay
Than bleak Golgotha and a crucifix.
If, soon, I face a scanty pantry shelf,
Just spare me talk of "fearing fear, itself."

W. H. VON DREELE

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GEORGE F. WILL

Ring in the Old

THAT WAS the year that was, it's over, let it go. It at least had only the orthodox 12 months, and thank God for small favors. It was one of the most dispiriting and damaging years in the nation's history, comparable to 1968, the year of the assassinations and riots. But if, by chance, you liked 1973, you will love 1974 because, although the end of the current unpleasantness may be at hand, it is not really in sight. If 1972 was the year of the coverup, and 1973 has been the year of the uncovering, 1974 promises to be the year of indictments, which means it will be the year of more uncovering. So it is ring out the old, and ring in the old, as Washington continues in the grip of an enervating time lag. It is not waiting for things to happen, but for the final consequences of things that have happened.

The event that triggered the unpleasantness—the Watergate breakin—occurred in the middle of 1972, and six months later Mr. Nixon's career hit a peak it will never again approach. Much aqua regia has washed over the Washington dam since then, and over those who live in its shadow, leaving us feeling bedraggled, but reflective.

The end of a calendar year is a convenient time for doing an inconvenient thing—taking stock of one's work since the preceding January. It is, perhaps, particularly appropriate, even mandatory, for commentators to do this, and do it in public print, for two reasons. First, commentators are paid to think with hardheadedness about what clear-sightedness reveals to them, and it should be good for them to turn their unsparing gaze around on themselves. Second, all commentators necessarily have a special relationship with their readers. No one is required to read a commentator, so most people do not. Those who do comprise a self-selected audience with distinctive attributes: it is more interested, more informed, and —I can testify—more passionately attached to its many opinions than the average American yeoman is. This provides the spice for the life of trying to make sense of—and, when possible, anticipate—what we grandly call the "march of events."

Of course this has not been a "usual" year—whatever *that* would be—but, as usual, the "march" of events has been nothing more stately than a pell-mell stampede. Don't I know! I have cleat marks on my chest where events, like a horde of O. J. Simpsons, ran right over me.

No Fourth Down

One year ago I assumed the pleasurable burden of being Washington editor of this journal. I took my trusty Cross pen in hand and carefully crafted my maiden column which, I confidently hoped, would not just launch me into the trust and affection of my readers, but would do so by launching my readers into 1973 secure in their understanding, through me, of the state of the Union and the dominant issues of our time. Mr. Nixon had just spent the weeks between reelection and inauguration administering a broad and brutal purge of the executive branch. Operating in almost total seclusion at Camp David, he had cashiered large numbers of men and women, and then he had turned his attention to the North Vietnamese, who had been sabotaging the Paris "peace" talks. He had unleashed the B-52s, while Congress watched, feeling more excluded and impotent than ever.

I surveyed this whirlwind activity from a President operating in eerie isolation, and produced a column that began:

"Mr. Nixon is about the business of demonstrating the truth of Mr. Dooley's axiom, 'Politics ain't beanbag.' . . . Inauguration Day, which is supposed to be a healing moment, punctuated 74 post-election days during which the President demonstrated his low estimate of goodwill as an instrument of government. . . . [On election] night the President . . . became a lame duck. Since that night he has been demonstrating that he is not lame yet and his ability to act does not depend on anyone's goodwill.

"The post-election dramas of bombs dropping on Hanoi and heads rolling among presidential appointees conveyed to Hanoi and its friends in Peking and Moscow, and to Congress and its friends in the bureaucracy, this message: neither Congress nor the bureaucracy nor public opinion can render this President lame."

Or Field Goal

What I underestimated was Mr. Nixon's capacity for rendering himself not just lame but paralyzed. My excuse, and it is a lame one, is that no one—including Mr. Nixon, according to Mr. Nixon—knew all that had already been done by White House employees to sow the seeds of disaster.

The second column I wrote dealt with the death of Lyndon Johnson and dwelt upon the symbolism of the long, respectful line of citizens who braved the chill of a long winter night to pass by Mr. Johnson's casket in the Capitol rotunda:

"They came all through the night, entire families, cheerful but respectful, to show their temperate goodwill toward the first President to become so embattled that he could not travel freely around America. . . . Watching the line one could sense that, at last, the nation had gone off the boil."

The nation *was* off the boil, briefly. Ah, well, live and learn. But the lesson I hope I have learned this year is never to underestimate the ability of men in power to bring the nation to a rolling boil.

Just four issues later my subject was Watergate:

"It will not be long before we have some idea of how much corruption has been loosed, and by whom. Meanwhile what we know for sure is that where there is smoke there is smoke, and it is casting a pall over Washington."

Since then I have been writing about the flames that have leapt from the smoking places. There are those who think I and other commentators have done this because we enjoy it. Anyone who thinks prolonged scrutiny of Watergate is enjoyable either hasn't tried it or doesn't love this nation. □

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End of Neo-Colonialism?

MARXIST THEORY in this century has been much concerned with the phenomena of "imperialism" and "colonialism," and Marxist political leaders have stressed the role of "the struggle against colonialism" in the international socialist revolution. The great fortresses of world capitalism, the Marxists taught, sustained their vigor by sucking the blood of their subject colonies. If the colonies liberated themselves, therefore, even if they did not do so on a socialist platform, this would fatally undermine the economic and strategic foundations of the capitalist-imperialist powers and ripen them for overthrow.

The hypothesis is not implausible, but the collapse of West European and Japanese imperialism following World War II did not, as things turned out, wreck the mother countries. On the contrary, they swung into an economic advance more rapid and extensive than anything they had previously managed. To account for the apparent failure of the colonial liberation to decompose the formerly imperialist nations, the Marxists, especially the more adventurous Marxists who went beyond Moscow, added to their theory of colonialism a supplementary theory of "neocolonialism."

In Fanon's conception, for example, the empire-colony relationship develops in the natural course of events a native elite in the colony, which serves the interests of the imperial master at the same time that it feathers its own nest. A nationalist outlook arises. The exploited colonial masses, seeking redress and becoming first restive, then increasingly militant, confront the native elite with the choice of either assuming leadership of a national liberation movement or being swept to destruction in social chaos. A section, more or less large, of the elite shifts into revolutionary gear and leads the colony, by a more or less bloody path, to political independence, with itself in the saddle.

This is not, however, genuine revolutionary liberation. It is not in truth a liquidation of colonialism, but only a transformation of colonialism into neocolonialism. The colonial masses have not won freedom. They continue to be exploited by the native elite that now mans the local government and organs of coercion. But the freedom of the elite and of the former colony is also incomplete. Though, in political form, independent nationhood has been gained and the imperial power withdrawn, in profounder reality a colonial relation continues. Imperialism, often in the person of the former mother country and working through the huge multinational corporations, continues an overriding exploitation of the new semination, using the newly governing native elite as, in effect, stewards.

This neocolonial condition will be overcome, and true independence and freedom achieved, the theorists conclude, only when the broad native masses themselves reach revolutionary consciousness, take their fate into their own hands, and sweep away all the exploitation, native as well as foreign, along with the social structure in which exploitation is endemic.

Down from the Clouds

Discounting the normative bias carried by the Marxist terminology, this account of neocolonialism is recognizable. Moreover, some at least of the former colonies do seem to be transcending neocolonialism. Not, however, according to the Marxist prescription.

Generally speaking, the native masses, having played their part in casting off colonialism, have shuffled off the stage. After obliging the former masters with a few years of democratic charade, the native elite has in most cases set democracy aside, integrated a one-party setup, and turned rule over to one or a small company of lions, who are in the most successful cases, as advised by Machiavelli, also foxes. Some of these strongmen have begun trying to take their neo-nations out of neocolonialism into, not certainly "true freedom" as the Marxists have defined it, but a fuller sovereignty and independence. And some of them may be succeeding.

The strongmen have been using a variety of tactics: 1) playing the big powers off against each other; 2) expropriation and expulsion of nonnatives; 3) manipulation of the UN General Assembly—an arena made to order for neo-nation intrigue; 4) outright or partial nationalization of foreign-owned operations; 5) and, most recent and most spectacular, embargo or selective allocation of a commodity essential to the advanced industrial nations.

Not all the neo-nations have joined in this game and some, like most in the African francophone group, seem content to remain neocolonies. But others —among them Uganda, Zaire, Zambia, Tanzania, and the Arab countries are conspicuous—are pushing ahead, while, as they go along, carefully testing the reactions of the developed nations. Seldom finding much resistance, from the Western powers at least, they see no reason not to keep going.

Theater of the Absurd

It is ridiculous, one might suppose, that the Western nations and Japan should pay the slightest attention to votes in the UN Assembly, and doubly ridiculous that they should themselves join in such a farce. But they do, and the votes have at least marginal effect on their policies. For an Arab it may seem absurd that 600 million citizens of nations loaded with the most advanced industrial and technological products and armed to the teeth with every imaginable weapon, should meekly permit 12 million mostly primitive Arabs, lacking even an arms industry, to subject them to personal discomfort that may become severe hardship and to economic difficulties that verge on crisis. It may be absurd, but that's the way it is. Doubtless the Arab leaders are astonished that they have got away so triumphantly with their tentative gambit. Neither they nor the other strongmen watching them have grounds for being discouraged by the recent course of events. Some of the more reflective among them must be thinking that the age of neocolonialism is going to prove much briefer than the age of colonialism that preceded it. □

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RATIONING?

There's Gas In Your Future

ARMEN ALCHIAN

"Fuel is scarcer: use it wastefully!" Those who propose governmental allocations and rationing of fuel and energy are saying, in effect, precisely that. Surely fuel should be assigned to its most beneficial uses; every gallon of fuel should be employed where the benefits of using it exceed those of all other possible uses. It would hardly seem necessary to state so basic a principle. Yet the most beneficial use of fuel is exactly what rationing, allocations, and price controls prevent.

It is remarkable that many people do not understand this. They are usually ignorant of two crucial facts about the market economy: 1) free market prices direct fuel to more important, higher valued uses; 2) free markets compensate people who transfer fuel from less important to more important uses.

How would rationing and price controls defeat both of these desired effects? When all men receive equal amounts of fuel, their needs remain unequal (N.B.: there is no necessary relation between need and wealth; a poor man may need his quota of a given good either more or less than a rich man). Peter's last gallon, useful as it may be for his own purposes, may be worth still more to Paul. But if they can neither measure the relative values of the fuel nor transfer it, the misallocation will remain undetected and uncorrected. If, however, the market price is allowed to serve as a measure of that fuel's value to Paul as against its value to Peter, the appropriate allocation can be made by simple exchange: Peter can sell to Paul. The buyer finds the fuel more useful than the goods he forsook to get it; the seller finds the goods he received more useful than the fuel. The public generally ignores this effective direction of fuel and goods toward their most valued uses, since the whole process occurs dispersedly, in thousands of independent market transactions, rather than as the result of deliberate government actions or conscious social control, which, if less efficient, are at least more obvious.

Both effects—allocation to better uses, and compensation for forsaking inferior ones—are achieved by permitting sale at free market prices. Both are prevented by price controls, rationing, and governmental allocations. And so strong is the desire for better allocation (and for its concomitant compensations) that all such controls will be violated at every chance, as each man sees that it is sensible—even if illegal—to violate them. Bad laws make for bad citizens as well as poor production. (If you think market values are not good or appropriate measures of value of uses, read on—we shall come to that problem later.)

The damage done by rations and allocations—their stifling of the efficient distribution of available fuel—can be somewhat reduced if recipients are permitted to sell and transfer them at free market prices. But the sad irony is that proponents of rationing rarely provide for that critical transferability. Why not? Some conjectures are possible.

Is It a Rip-off?

One cynical conjecture is that advocates of rationing want to disrupt our economic system, gain control over our lifestyles, and destroy our free, liberal society. A more respectful conjecture is that they don't comprehend the real consequences of their schemes. Why should they? Economic wisdom is not instinctive or inherited. You pay taxes to hire economists to teach these simple principles to college students. If they were all that obvious, why pay to have them taught? The second conjecture is both more charitable and more probable.

There is, however, a third: that proponents of quotas expect allocations of fuel to conform to their own priorities, without the burdensome conditions of adjustment to the values of others, conditions inherent in the free market. To put it bluntly, they see political power as a means of confiscating fuel without compensation—a neat rip-off. Of whom? Of U.S. fuel producers (not, of course, of the Arab producers, whose oil we have to buy at world prices whether or not we ration it here). You may say, "So what? Oil companies don't deserve higher prices." But that answer, however phrased, is not only destructive but immoral. The mechanic, the soybean farmer, the teacher, and the truck driver get higher incomes when demand for their services increases in relation to supply. Can we seriously (and morally) propose that their services be rationed and assigned in the manner being proposed for fuel? Not if we want our society to be efficient—or free.

But let us face up to the confiscation issue, and to the argument that higher prices could hurt the poor disproportionately. Honesty compels us to acknowledge that stockbrokers of U.S. fuel companies are people like everyone else, poor, middle class, and rich: they are taxpayers, your neighbors and friends. If their wealth is confiscated and given to others, why are the recipients more deserving of it? That is a question for the conscience.

But moral considerations aside, permitting the sale and transfer of quotas would dispose of the objection that higher market prices for fuel would hurt the poor most. The freedom to sell one's rations would be an *advantage*—to everyone, rich and poor. Instead of being stuck with an assigned amount of fuel, unalterable regardless of its value to him, the poor man would be free to exchange as much of his quota as he saw fit for other more desirable goods, thereby releasing so much fuel to higher valued uses. He would in fact be better off than he had been without transferable rations at free market prices. Since transferability, as against nontransferability, is a boon to everyone, the poor would be disproportionately *helped*.

Again, to summarize, if quotas, rationing, and controls are imposed, it would at least help minimize the harm they do to permit quotas to be purchasable or divisible and transferable at free market prices. For fuel would then tend to go to its highest valued uses; nobody would willingly put fuel to uses worth less than either any other use to which it could be put, or the goods that could

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be had in exchange for it. So if we must restrict oil stockholders' wealth, at least let us transfer the wealth to poorer ration recipients without preventing the available fuel from finding its most valuable uses. Taxing oil companies for the sake of the poor need not, after all, condemn what fuel *is* available to bad or wasteful uses.

Even if we have the minimal wisdom to allow the sale of whatever rations we adopt, increased production of fuel will still not be properly encouraged. We shall have reduced people's incentive to direct their wealth and efforts toward finding and producing the fuels we most desire. In trying to effect the "equitable" distribution of a scarce commodity, we will condemn ourselves to a longer period of greater scarcity. Why handicap our efforts to get more fuel with a scheme that doesn't really protect the poor, but does discourage production?

A better, simpler, proven method exists, which not only helps the poor, but also fosters the production (and productive use) of more fuel: higher market prices. If, for example, we insist that poorer gasoline users must not be required to pay what the fuel is worth in the free market, it is still better to permit prices to rise to whatever heights they will, and *then* take supplementary government action: subsidize the "poor" who are most heavily dependent on purchasing fuel for their livelihood, perhaps by giving them fuel stamps (like food stamps) which they can either use to defray part of the higher price of fuel, or sell as they please. The cost of such supplements should be covered out of general tax revenues (as is done with food stamps).

And if we fear that these supplements would permit stockholders to gain "unjustly," we can still impose a per cent-of-excess-profits tax on the oil companies. This would restrict output less than an excise tax of so much per gallon of gasoline. An excise tax levied on each unit of fuel would not encourage increased productivity; but the per cent-of-excess-profits tax would, by increasing the after-tax profits of those who expand fuel production.

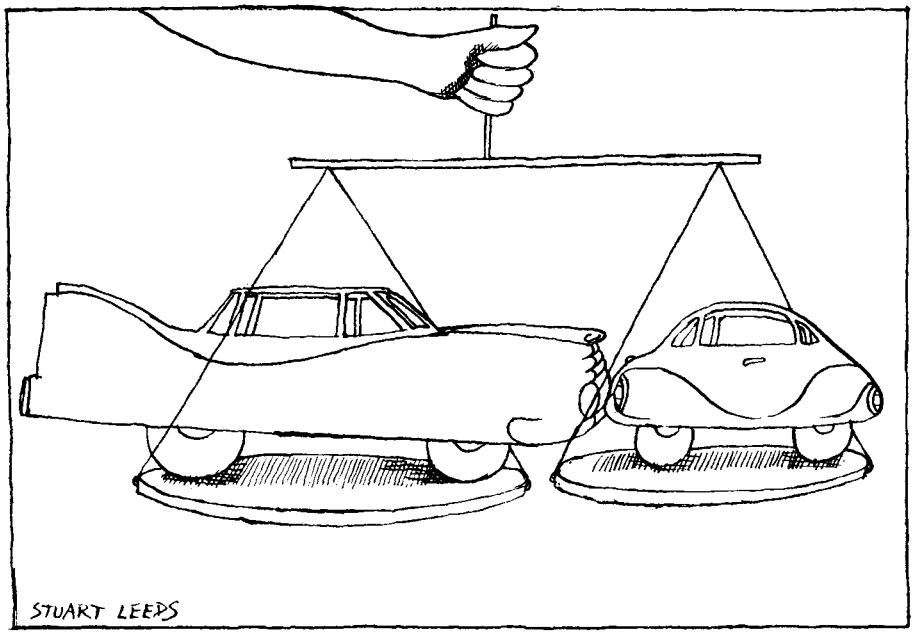
Rich v. *Poor*

The question remains: is market value an appropriate value? Some will object to our proposition that fuel, on the open market, will be transferred to its "best" uses; a rich man, they will argue, would use fuel for a faster drive or a pleasure trip, while the poor man who gives up some fuel to the rich man would suffer by having to find other means of getting to work. And surely (and here's the clincher) the rich man's whims are not as important as a poor man's transportation to work!

But this does not effect our argument, for two reasons: 1) We did not say they *were* as important. What we did say was that both the rich man and the poor man would agree that it is better to be free to transfer their rationed amounts than to be forbidden to do so. Again: if the available gallon of gasoline is worth more to Peter than the goods he must give up to get it, he will want to exchange; and if Paul wants to gain possession of those goods more than he wants to keep the gallon, he will agree to the exchange. The prohibition of that exchange by a third party —the state—would prevent that direction of the fuel and other goods to the highest valued uses as judged by the parties to the exchange themselves. And since society is made up of just such parties, society at large suffers under such prohibitions.

2) It is true that a poor man's consumption values, as expressed in the market, do reflect his poverty. Having said this, we must distinguish between the interpersonal distribution of general wealth (*how much* men have) and the interpersonal mixture of goods (*what* they have). We may think the present distribution of general wealth is unjust by this or that criterion, and that a fuel scarcity will exacerbate the injustice. Even so, forbidding the transfer of rations would diminish the freedom (and, concretely, the wealth) of all, including the poor, by preventing each person from using his available wealth to secure the particular mixture of goods that suits him best according to his personal preference and lifestyle. Rationing, allocations, and price controls would freeze some goods in uses worth less to the recipient than a) what he could get for them and b) their value to another consumer. Who profits by this? Only an authoritarian controller.

To prevent free market prices from allocating goods (whether or not some redistributionist supplement like fuel stamps is used) is to prevent fuel from finding its more important and beneficial uses. To deny this is to contend that political authorities should decide what uses are "more important and beneficial"; a contention which, for consistency's sake, requires the further contention that political authorities should also decide which TV news programs are "beneficial and important" enough to merit allocation of energy, or which newspapers and magazines deserve the allocation of paper. The scarcity of fuel (or any other good) relative to demand is not a valid reason for imposing government controls. We have used for centuries a method consistent with—indeed a foundation for—a free society. It is both more effective in adapting to changes in supply, and more consistent with the rights we treasure. Why abandon that method at exactly the moment when it is most useful? □



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The True Sprit of Christmas

Wherein the children of Aloise B. Heath find the United Nations Declaration of the Rights of the Child to be a GREAT Step Forward

PAM, JOHN, PRISCILLA, AND BUCKLEY*

MANY PERSONS our ages of 12, 10, 8, 6 think the Sprit of Christmas is about toys and presents instead of about the real sprit. These persons are inmature and childless. As will be seen.

Today at Assembly, everybody got a copy and got read to, the UN Declaration of the Rights of the Child, which turned out it was the Chrismas present from the United Nations to all the children in the world, also which Pam, 12, and John, 10, have to write down about constructively and Priscilla, 8, and Buckley, 6, be prepared to explane in there own words by Monday. This is our free-thinking thoughts, for nothing is black and white but grey.

The first part, before the Principles start, is very oratory and good except for puctuation (commas not periods after paragraphs) and reptitous (absolutely 5 paragraphs in a row begin with "Whereas"). Persons that are always tearing down, tearing down would probably mock this instead of saying the United Nations did pretty good, spelling the long words this composition is absolutely full of.

PRINCIPLE I: *All children shall be entitled to these rights, without distinction or discrimination on account of race, color, sex, language, religion, political or other opinion, property, birth, or other status whether of himself or of his family.* Those who *think* will easly see that who their talking about is none other but the U.S. of America (world smelting pot), for in other countries from us (Europe, England, Russia, Wildest Africa, etc. etc. etc.) there isn't enough different population from the main to do discrimination at. (Except by inmost feelings, hard to wipe out, unforch.)

Why do they drag in sex, one asks ourself? Because the United Nations regard sex purely, like dictionaries, where sex is if you are a boy or a girl (you can look it up)—not the reason children are not allowed to see practicly every movie in the whole world. It is a well-none fact that most parents comitt discrimination on children by sex (by wether they are male sex or female sex, other words.) Ex: —: Sataday mornings, boys (M. sex) have to clean out cars in a icecold subzero gerage, wile girls (F. sex) only have to vacume warm & cozy carpets. And yet again about color (sometimes meening race, but they already said race in this PRINCIPLE so they now meen color.); Why? Because, Ex:—: Some persons, who dirt shows on more than other persons because of there snow white color are all the time getting it in the neck (like parents saying: "Good God, your angkles"!! venial sin) when that happens to be the exact night one washed with soap! All this shall end.

One thing the United Nations forgot:—: discrimination by age, like:—Ex:—In 2 years, could Pam, now age 12 drive a car in S. Carolina? Yes!! In Conn.? No!! Could Jim, our brother of 14 marry Linda who he loves in India? Yes!! In Conn.? No.!! Showing that the UN forgot the main thing the child get's discriminated for. BUT: after all: nobidies perfect:

PRINCIPLE 2 (really getting going): *The child shall enjoy special protection and shall be given opportunities and facilities, by law and by other means, to enable him to develop physically, mentally, morally, spiritually, and socially in a healthy and normal manner and in conditions of freedom and dignity.* Their going to start some laws, and unless quite a few parents wise up, we happen to know quite a few parents (including by marriage) that will end up incarserated. Because when the UN finds out, surely soon, that every single child in the world spends absolutely the best years of his life from infantry to adultery sitting on a hard seat, bending his head over books that is rooning his eyes and with the most absolutely boaring stuff poaring, poaring, poaring into his ears. At the same time when they breathe in constantly sniffing germs of namonia,

"The True Sprit of Christmas," originally published in NR, *was reprinted in Mrs. Heath's posthumous* Will Mrs. Major Go to Hell?

*Typed by Their Mother

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chicken pocks, nefritus so they practicly only dare breathe *out* (practicly impossible):—all of which contrary to health and freedom:—then the UN will edict that this situation must CEACE!

PRINCIPLE 3: *The child shall be entitled from his birth to a name and a nationality.* This is also in the Sprit of Christmas because it portects children from being called Blooper and Kiki even when big, which can become absolutely humalating. Ex:—When John was born our brother Jim was 4 (difficult age) and Jim liked our Uncle Reid so he absolutely made every one call John "Uncle Reid" after him (Uncle Reid). Funny then, but how would John feel nowadays if Mrs. McLeod said in class: "Uncle Reid, suppose you take the next passage?" Like a fool. Principle 3 also protects people from the fate of Philip Nolan, who had to live on boats and not have a nationality for having got mad at the Government once, tho not till grown-up. But children's fate, through the passage of years is to become grown-up or else dead. So look before you leap, which the UN does.

PRINCIPLE 4: *The child shall enjoy the benefits of social security. He shall be entitled to grow up and develop in health; to this end special care and protection shall be provided both him and his mother, including adequate prenatal and postnatal care.* This sounds like mostly for mothers, but *think, think,* just exactly where would children be without prenatal mothers? NOWHERE. And prenatal fathers are not so absolutely necessary. The First Nowell would have been in a sanidary, recently-modern hospital if people had only had the UN then. The Massacre of the Holy Innocents would be absolutely an object of forbiddance and mortal sin, under penalty of the law.

PRINCIPLE 5: *The child who is physically, mentally, or socially handicapped shall be given the special treatment, education, and care required by his particular condition.* In the interests of the questioning mind, one has to admit that this principle is hard: because:—"physically handicapped" means crippled and those children, they say, have to go to special schools for crippled children:—"mentally handicapped" means retarded, and those children have to go to special schools for retarded children:—"socially handicapped" means Negro in the South but, as is well-known, those children have to come *out* of special schools for Negro children in the South. Does that make sense for physicals and mentals to go in yet for socials to come *out?* Not that who are we to critisise, never less, may be grown-ups should clarify there thinking on the topic.

PRINCIPLE 6: *The child for the full and harmonious development of his full personality needs love and understanding. He shall, wherever possible, grow up in the care and under the responsibility of his parents, and in any case in an atmosphere of affection and of moral and material security. Payment of state and other assistance toward the maintenance of children of large families is desirable.* This one may seem to say a lot of things one already knew, like "love and understanding," etc. etc. etc., but the important thing after all, is that it is still on the side of children, other words: Sprit of Chrismas. One may well ask ourself, although, about assisting (paying) people of large families (personally in our favor), which if they do, they have to make there mind up about populations exploding. For, besides the joys of parenthood, if you get paid too, where will it all end?

PRINCIPLE 7: *The child shall be given an education which will promote his general culture and enable him on a basis of equal opportunity to develop his abilities. The child shall have full opportunity for play and recreation, which shall be directed to the same purpose as education.* It is hard to see how the UN missed the things wrong in this, unless there wrist was getting tired from writting. *Wrong thing No. A*:—There absolutely just isn't anything equal in people's opportunity to learn culture that would be general. Like in West Hartford, U.S.A., culture is French, Mythology, Music, Hiawatha, and things like that but in Wildest Africa culture is Hunting lions, Shrinking heads, Building huts of clay and wattles made, and things like that, none of which there is any of in West Hartford. (Even if there was some way this could be arranged, it would not be very fair to Wildest Africa children.) *Wrong thing No. B:*—(the part about play and recreation). Unforch, as even the dumbest know, play and recreation that is directed always turns out into one thing:—RELAY RACES.

PRINCIPLE 8: *The child shall in all circumstances be among the first to receive protection and relief.* Vere dignum et justum est (altar boy's joke by John). Others, except priests look it up.

PRINCIPLE 9: *The child shall be protected against all forms of neglect, cruelty, and exploitation. He shall not be the subject of traffic in any form.* (It is a known fact that sometimes children run right strate across *without* looking *both ways. Think:* nothing is black and white: all is grey.) Next part: *The child shall not be admitted to employment before an appropriate minimum age.* This is one of the most absolutely Sprit of Chrismaslike things the UN ever said in its life. For NOTE:—Employment means working for *money.* How far far worse indeed, therefore, is the involatory slavitude children have to do Satadays, not only for no money, but not getting their riteful allowance if they don't. This also shall be changed by law.

PRINCIPLE 10: *The child shall be brought up in a spirit of understanding, tolerance, friendship among peoples, peace, and universal brotherhood, in full consciousness that his energy and talents should be devoted to the service of his fellow men.* These sweet and nobble words show how the Uniteds have even *improved* the Sprit of Chrismas. For in olden days, you were supposed to love your fellow men (even the ones you couldn't stand) yet use your energy and talents for you and yours, which you had to, the world being such a mess. In our day, you only have to have a sprit of tolerace, friendship, etc. etc. etc., and even that you only have among peopleS, much more practical than among peoplE, if you get our meaning (see letters we put in capitals). Also, the new laws of the governments of the UN will take care of things like nutrition, housing, and other postnatal care of you and yours, so there will be nothing left to do except be devoted to the service of your fellow men.

Thus we see, the UN Declaration of Rights of the Child is in the true Sprit of Christmas, and also cinchy. □

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LETTER FROM LONDON

Britain's Rudderless Conservatives

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

FOR CONSERVATIVES in Britain, perhaps even more than in the United States, these are bad times—all the sadder because they should have been good times. Edward Heath's government, like President Nixon's, seemed, when it was elected, to be full of promise from a conservative point of view. This was not the worst, but the best, government we could reasonably expect in the foreseeable future. Now the taste of soured hope is bitter.

Neither government, of course, was elected because of a mass conversion to conservatism. Just as President Nixon's landslide was mainly a landslide against George McGovern, so Mr. Heath won, against the pollsters' odds, not through any merit of his own but because a lot of people were disgusted by the Labor government; disgusted by Harold Wilson's tergiversations, by his craven surrender to the unions, and by inexorably rising prices. It was clear then that, if the new government—Mr. Heath's Conservative government—turned out to be no improvement, the electorate would be reduced to a mood of cynicism bordering on despair.

This is precisely what has happened —or so most people, except the party faithful, would say. Mr. Heath's government has failed most conspicuously in just those areas where it had the strongest mandate to succeed. It has brought neither inflation nor the unions under control. It hasn't satisfied the "floating" voters, whose chronic instability (or lack of principles) actually decides most elections, let alone the true conservatives, who, at the beginning, when Mr. Heath promised a "quiet revolution" to turn Britain away from the long years of increasing collectivism, were its most ardent supporters.

Mr. Heath and his colleagues of course deny that there has been any failure, any change of policy. The present inflation, they say, is attributable mainly to the rise in world food prices, which no British government could prevent. But average wages have risen faster than the price index. So what are people grumbling about? Mr. Heath brushes aside all criticism with an air of impenetrable self-satisfaction, tempered only by irritation that the great achievements of his government seem not to be better appreciated. The effect, unfortunately, is alarming rather than reassuring, since it suggests complete insensitivity to the worries and fears of ordinary people, and an unwillingness or inability to meet reasoned arguments with an equally reasoned reply.

That the government has performed what the commentators call "U-turns" on almost every major policy is generally accepted as self-evident: but Mr. Heath, instead of trying to justify them,

simply denies that they occurred—thereby gravely straining the credulity and loyalty of his supporters. The government began by saying that it didn't believe in a statutory "incomes policy" —and has imposed the most elaborate incomes policy in British history. The government promised to curb strikes by bringing the unions more firmly within the framework of the law—but, having passed a controversial, though inadequate, Industrial Relations Act, is now scared to enforce it.

The "lame ducks" of industry were to be allowed to sink, unsubsidized, and individuals encouraged to stand on their own feet; instead of which, the government has taken unprecedented powers to subsidize practically everything and boasts of a steady increase in state welfare schemes. Civil servants continue to multiply, public spending continues to rise. From education policy to women's rights and race relations, the government has pursued an unswervingly trendy line. The clock, in Evelyn Waugh's phrase, has not been put back by a single minute. Mr. Heath reserves his hottest fire, not for enemies on the left, but for those who think the clock should be put back; for what he described as "the unpleasant and unacceptable face of capitalism"; and for conservative believers in honest money and a free market—particularly his former colleague, Enoch Powell.

Heath v. *Wilson*

The "quiet revolution" has disappeared from Mr. Heath's speeches. He says very little now which a Socialist prime minister might not happily have said. The one subject on which he has been totally consistent and unyielding is Britain's entry into the European Common Market—about which a majority of the British people remain quite unconvinced.

Mr. Heath is not a man who commands affection. But then, not many people really want to see Mr. Wilson back at Downing Street either. Never have party politicians been so universally despised and distrusted.

In recent by-elections a lot of people have expressed their disillusionment with the two main parties by voting Liberal—even though the Liberal candidates were often incoherent or lightweight to the point of frivolity. One such Liberal, who is now a member of Parliament, was distinguished only for having starred in a rather amusing series of television advertisements for dog food. The modern Liberal Party is very far removed from the great days of Mr. Gladstone; it represents no distinct philosophy or discernible interest group. The danger is that, by winning 20 or 30 seats from the Tories at the next general election, it may put the

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ocialists into power. And that, parcularly at the moment, is a frightenig prospect.

The Marxist wing of the Labor arty, which had always existed, is curently dominant. Mr. Wilson and the ther Socialist leaders have no choice ut to go with the tide. At this year's abor Party Conference promises were iven that the next Labor government ould provoke "howls of anguish from ie rich." There would be a wealth tax, nd severer death duties, and higher axes on luxury goods, and more inome tax for everybody earning much ver $7,500 a year. Mr. Wilson, while voiding a specific commitment to naonalizing Britain's 25 largest companies as a Labor Party policy group had ecommended) or 250 (as some deleates were demanding), did announce list of priority targets for nationalizaon—the ports, shipbuilding, and airraft industries, sections of the pharmaeutical, machine tool, and road haulage ndustries, the North Sea and Celtic Sea il and gas ventures, all rented accomodations, and all land required for uilding.

As Chile Went?

He also promised a general Industries Act, which would enable the government to impose virtually any orders liked on any company in Britain. rofits and prices would be strictly conolled, but—in deference to the unions, hich provide most of the party's funds —wages would not be controlled at all. romises were also given, before the onference ended appropriately with elegates joining hands to sing "The ed Flag," that private schools and rivate medical care would be squeezed ut of existence.

It seems unlikely that such a proram—a formula for economic disaster nd social tyranny—is what the British eople want: but they may get it more r less by accident, because they are emoralized by inflation and the nonocialist majority is split between the ories and the resurgent Liberals which is almost exactly what happened n Chile).

Faced with this appalling prospect, enuine conservatives are in an agoniing dilemma. If Mr. Heath were to dmit that his government had been lown off course, they could support im, perhaps with a heavy heart, but ith a clear conscience. Instead of hich, he boasts that his government,

(Continues on page 30)

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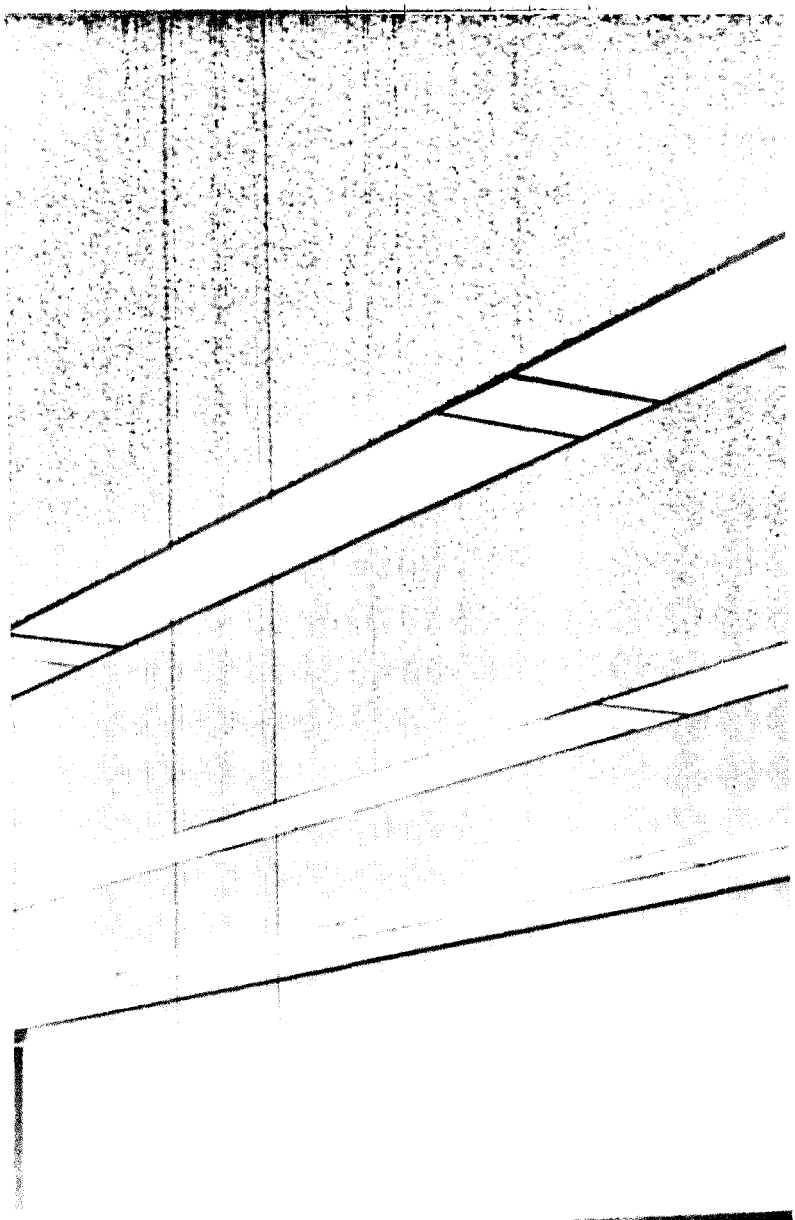

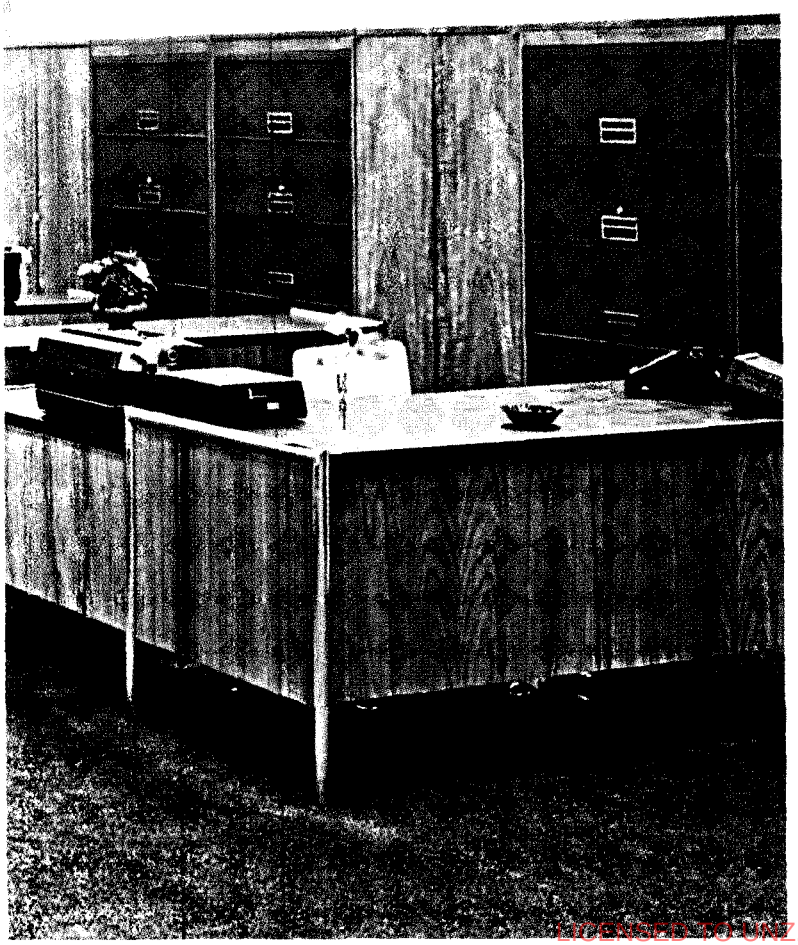

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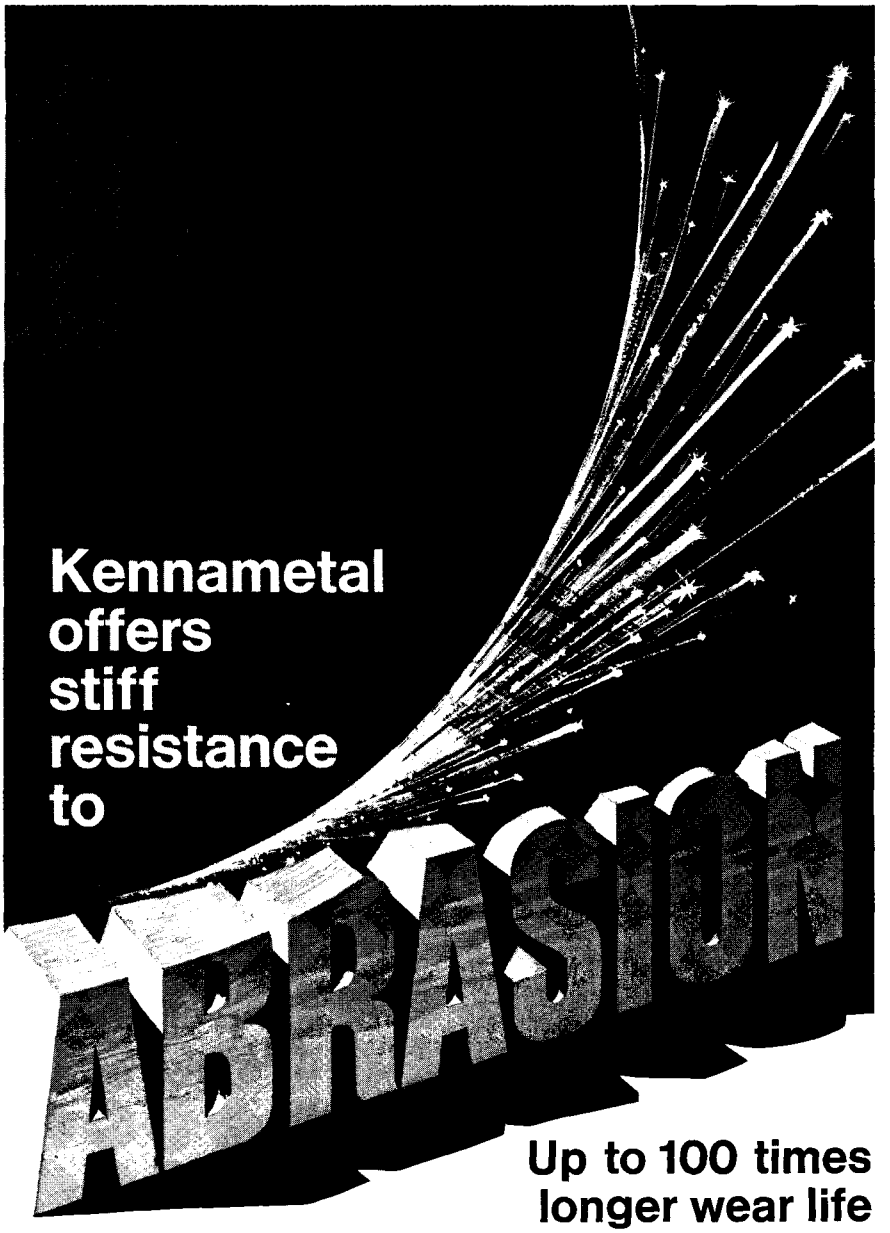

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in its new semi-socialist colors, is exactly on course, doing just what he wants it to do.

Inevitably the rank and file of the Conservative Party is now deeply split —most seriously about Europe, most noisily about colored immigration, and most intelligently about economics. In order to keep unemployment artificially low and in its worship of the great god Growth, the government is deliberately planning for an inflation rate of at least 8 per cent over the coming year. The money supply is being allowed to expand almost unchecked. A sizable faction inside the Tory Party regards this as a calamitous distortion of priorities. Enoch Powell is the chief spokesman for this view, but gets no response from the party leadership except abuse. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, undoubtedly with Mr. Heath's approval, called him a "frustrated fanatic."

No Drum to Follow

The right wing is itself fragmented. Three or four separate groups have sprung up lately, emphasizing different areas of concern as well as reflecting personal differences. Mr. Powell scrupulously avoids identification with any of them. He also says that he would rather see Labor governments for the rest of his lifetime than that Britain should lose her sovereignty by remaining in the Common Market and being steadily integrated into Europe.

Real conservatives, therefore, are homeless; they cannot even find shelter with Mr. Powell. And yet "real conservatives," in this sense, are not extravagantly doctrinaire. They simply continue to believe what, until recently, the leadership of the Conservative Party professed to believe, and what most people, not so long ago, would have considered mere common sense. They have been effectively disfranchised. No one seems interested in their votes; the political bidding now takes place entirely in the coinage of collectivism.

Where are they to turn? Where is there a flag to which they can rally, a drum they can follow? At the moment they are leaderless and despairing. But there are more of them than Mr. Heath seems to appreciate: and, if ever a politician appears (whether Mr. Powell or another) who can reach their hearts and heads together, and stir them into action, and touch kindred springs in the electorate as a whole, they may yet prove a formidable element in the British political scene. □

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THE OPEN QUESTION

The 'Iron Law of Wages'

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

In offering profit sharing as a total cure for our economic oes, Mildred Adams' "A Proposal to alt Inflation" (*NR*, Nov. 23) may be versimplifying the problem. Obvious-, our drunken-sailor government, hich creates new inflationary money support a lot of things besides the age-price spiral, will keep on shovel-g out dollars to nonproducers as long the welfarists remain in power. But liss Adams' proposition, which would ep any increase in labor's rewards ithin productivity margins, would cer-inly do something to give us a habit-le country.

It is astonishing to me that Miss dams, during her three year campaign r profit sharing, should have met her ost determined opposition from econ-nists who claim to be of the Vienna hool. They have argued, with some at, that profit sharing goes against e normal workings of the market. ofits are supposed to be the rewards r risk, and if they are to be tampered ith, then won't investors be more ary about risking their capital? La-r, as one of the three factors of pro-ction (land and capital are the other o), puts itself up for sale in the mar-t, and in classical theory it gets what coming to it in the form of wages. Miss Adams' opponents do not quite so far as to say there is a "wage nd," but in their insistence on adher-g to a classical division of the re-ards for taking part in the productive ocess it seems to me they are guilty saying that we are still in the grip "iron laws." John Stuart Mill and ancis Amasa Walker, to name two assical nineteenth century revisionists Ricardo, correctly observed that ere is no "iron law of wages." The st of labor can be high or low, de-nding on the hourly efficiency of the rker. So what does it matter, really, the increased efficiency of the work-g man be rewarded by an annual age increase (fixed in bargaining) or giving him a flexible bonus in the rm of a share in profits if he has increased those profits? Why boggle about names? Just as there is no "iron law of wages," so there is no iron law of profits. The question is how to share out the money in a way best calculated to increase everybody's take.

What Miss Adams has correctly grasped is that labor, in addition to being a "factor" of production, has its own entrepreneurial function. Let's call

it subentrepreneurial. The fluidity is recognized the minute management installs a suggestion box in a factory. Land and capital are inanimate; they make no decisions, exert no will, on their own. The entrepreneur, in combining the factors of production into an entity that, he hopes, will make money, has to do the thinking for the two factors of land and capital. The third factor of labor is, if you will, an all-purpose machine tool, but, unlike a punch press or a turret lathe, this particular tool can aid the entrepreneur in many voluntary ways. This is what blew the old theory of the fixed wage fund sky high. If a working man can suggest a better arrangement of the factory layout, or a swifter time-motion sequence, or even if he decides to show up sober on Monday morning and cut out politicking on office time, he can change the profit picture. So isn't it just good business to offer our animated all-purpose machine tool a lure to make him identify with the entrepreneurial side of the picture?

As Motorola, Sears Roebuck, and other enlightened companies have discovered, profit sharing, entered into voluntarily on both sides (it won't work otherwise), is simply another tool of management to increase the unit productivity of the individual worker. It is a way of destroying the "downstairs maid" psychology of the employee who would refuse to sweep the floor or move a crate or install an electric light fixture because it is not part of his job. In profit-sharing factories everybody pitches in when an emergency requires it. The rhythm of the "happy ship" takes over; the slowdown philosophy beloved of the Scottish ca' canny unions and the old IWW or "Wobblies" vanishes. Nobody has to wait for the plumbers' union to sanction it when a washer has to be replaced.

Stockholders, thinking of profit as something that is rightfully their reward for entrusting their capital to an entrepreneur, have an instinctive urge to bridle at the suggestion of "sharing" with Joe, Jack, or Jill the money they have earned with their savings. They miss the point that profit sharing is a device for getting a synergistic wedding of funded labor (savings) and new labor to increase the rewards of both. To put it crassly, profit sharing is a device calculated to make the worker welcome a speedup, at least within limits. Speed doesn't kill when one is in a frame of mind to regard it as a friend.

In the Forties a steel union economist, Joe Scanlon, offered his "Scanlon Plan" for profit sharing to Phil Murray, the head of the steelworkers, and got permission to try it in some marginal companies. The plan worked, as I saw for myself on a visit to Ohio. Murray approved of it but felt the time was not ripe to propose it to the bigger steel companies.

We had not seen the worst of inflation then, and Murray had not yet milked the employers for all he could get. But now "cost-push" has spoiled the big annual raise. Profit sharing is all that the worker, along with the rest of us, has left. □

Mr. Chamberlain is a syndicated columnist.

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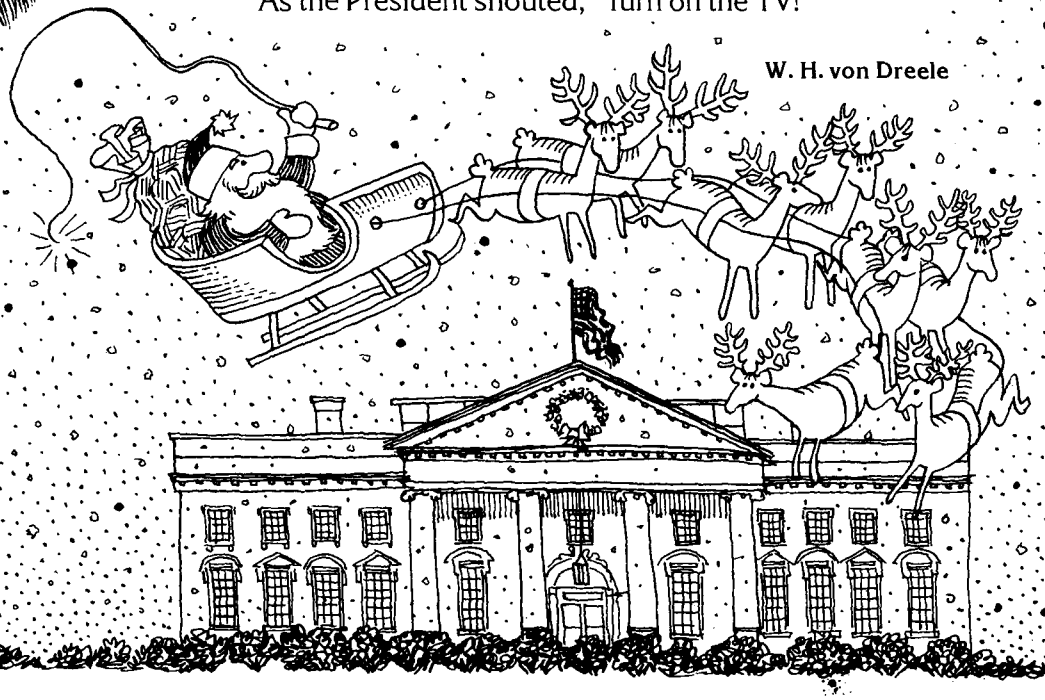
Christmas Eve at the White House

'Twas the night before Christmas, and Rose Mary Woods
Was erasing like mad to deliver the goods.
Meanwhile, up in the parlor the President sat
With the girls and their husbands, plus Bebe and Pat;
When out on the lawn such a clatter arose
That the President swallowed another Compoz.
It was Senator Ervin dressed up as St. Nick:
"Merry Christmas," he ventured. "Is somebody sick?"
Though it looked like a wake, Mrs. Nixon said, "No...
We were sitting around for the Lawrence Welk show."
"You're in luck," he responded, adjusting his shape;
"I just happen to have him recorded on tape."
With a twinkle that Julie described as a leer,
Ervin reached in his bag with indecent good cheer.
"Just a moment," said Nixon, beginning to sweat;
"The machine in the Oval Room isn't fixed yet."
"Don't you trouble yourself," said the naughty old man;
"Here's a cute little Sony fresh out of Japan."
With that, Bebe Rebozo, a friend to a fault,
Muttered, "Give that to me: It belongs in the vault."
That's when Tricia, a lady from hairdo to toe,
Diplomatically murmured, "It's starting to snow."
Then the senator left with extravagant glee.
As the President shouted, "Turn on the TV!"

W. H. von Dreele



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CLEMENT AQUARIUS MOORE

The Night before Christmas
(With Apologies to Norman Mailer)

LARRY TRITTEN

IT WAS December 24, the night before Christmas, and Clement, born sign of Aquarius, was in one of those pervasive and complex moods in which disquietude and the intimations of melancholia clothed his psyche like a shroud on the shoulders of a thief on the steps of the guillotine. It was a mood with which he was not unfamiliar, a mood as sad as a leper's beard or the thought of Helen Keller at the gates of Disneyland, the kind of mood that numbs one's sense of being, like the chill touch of a sick or dying predator's snout on a night when the alchemy of the wind brews fevers on the air, and one which everyone has known who has ever risked spiritual displacement by being so bold as to flex the musculature of his moral and ethical alternatives. Little wonder that there was a silence this night in the house of Aquarius, a silence not unequal to the depths of his mood—it was a silence such as one finds in the closets of condemned men or at the funerals of men who have goosed the consciousness of their time and whose passing inspires an almost resonant hush in those left behind to mull their marriage with the worms—yes, it was a perfect and immaculate silence, undisturbed by even the faint footfall of an errant mouse.

Fitting then that Aquarius should find himself on this particular evening and at this particular juncture of his career waiting calmly and implacably (though with what amount of credulity he would not hazard an estimate!) for the arrival of a saint. Indeed! Had he not, after all, waited time and again down through the years, senses numb from too much pot, peyote, or PMLA, for many another advance-billed saint or avatar, waited with the itch of a comrade's caress tingling in the very atoms of his fingertips only to be left always as alone and hope-depleted as Quasimodo at a debutante's ball. But Aquarius was used to being alone, just as he was alone now. His last wife had recently departed, leaving him feeling as slack as Goldwater's jaw at a Democratic rally, and his children were gone for the holidays to pursue whatever sugarplums and sweetmeats of purpose the young relish in these oblivion-tainted times. So Aquarius maintained his vigil in solitude—yet he would not complain, no, not for a fleeting moment, for although there were rumors that rode the air like lazy hornets at every cocktail party in Manhattan, extravagant rumors to the effect that he would receive a million dollars for doing a book about his confrontation with Saint Nicholas, these rumors were not substantially inaccurate and a million dollars was no *soupçon* of a sum, creainly no sum to ignore by settling his brains for a long winter's nap, since it would give him the time and freedom he needed to make his next movie, *Apocalypso Beat.*

Well. Aquarius was not to wait long for the action he sought—not nearly so long, for example, as he had waited in the wings at the *Merv Griffin Show* for an opportunity to trade psychic blows with so keen a thespian blade as Mr. Mickey Rooney. The apocalyptic clatter that announced his expected visitor was sounding on the rooftop even before the temptation to doze titillated the slowest neurons of his brain, and, thumbing his nose at Morpheus in a fashion not unredeemed by a fillip of wry wit, he rose, flew away like a flash to the window, tore open the shutter, and threw up the sash.

No slouch as a reporter, Aquarius had done his homework well and knew exactly what to look for—so it was not the mere sight of a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer that quickened the flicker in his wondering eyes. No, it was more than the sight alone, more indeed, for he was no stranger to perverse sights, he had in his time flirted with sights that would blitz the vision of a soothsayer who gargled daily with LSD. It was, rather, the modesty of the sleigh at which he marveled, the very antiquity of the sleigh, so slight and fragile a vessel compared with the mammoth computer-brained (though odorless with the taint of technology and thus not to be trusted) colossus of Apollo 11, about which Aquarius had written in some detail elsewhere. The incantations of the driver of the sleigh reached Aquarius' ear now. He was whistling and shouting and calling his coursers by name, but the names Aquarius heard (or thought he heard?) were as shrill as a witch's cry to the toads of his vanity.

PERHAPS (he was obliged to reflect) he had for too long been priming his Ronson for Papa's cigar, and perhaps there was a fever in his race for the literary grail that inspired paranoia, for how else explain the echoes that lingered now like cold wraiths on the frosted air—"Now, Bellow! now, Burroughs! now, Styron and Roth! On, Nabokov! on, Malamud! on, Updike and Barth!" Ultimately, however, Aquarius was not greatly troubled, since he had learned long ago to draw no less sustenance from the vagaries of the mind than from the mysteries of the flesh. No, to be sure, he was hardly troubled at all, and he showed his alacrity by drawing in his head and turning around, an act he was in the very process of executing when his visitor came down the chimney with a climactic bound.

The effect was not undramatic, which was sufficient reason in itself for Aquarius to applaud the entrance (so great was his own sense of drama!). The appearance of his visitor, though, was another matter. Aquarius had always been more than a hint suspicious of fat people. He had even gone so far as to write that the act of eating is a small execution, and, granted that logic, it seemed to him that fat people killed the best possibilities of their flesh in exactly the same proportion that they weighted their bones with it. It was a theory of his that had found no special favor with dietitians or metaphysicians, yet one to which he nonetheless subscribed with zeal, and which necessarily therefore colored his attitude toward the

Mr. Tritten writes for Playboy, Gallery, If, *is a writer for* New Yorker *cartoonists. His recent novel is* When the Vow Breaks.

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visitor whom he now regarded with a skeptical gaze: this ostensible saint whose cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry, and whose belly shook when he laughed like a bowlful of jelly. As for the fellow's dress, there was in it a touch of the same comic indulgence and parodic glee that had characterized the feathered and tasseled, spangled and festooned, painted and beaded legions of hippies with whom Aquarius had once marched on the Pentagon. From his head to his foot he was clad all in fur, red fur that had once no doubt had the blaze of cerise in it but was now all tarnished with ashes and soot and had taken on the color of an Irish drunk's face at the end of a lively wake. Saints should present sterner visions, Aquarius thought almost involuntarily, and he laughed at the old gentleman in spite of himself.

It was (as he was prepared to admit, honesty being always his ego's midwife) an uncool reaction, no more cool than the bleat of a joy buzzer on Death Row —but surprisingly his visitor was hip, he was as slick as a drop of oil on a con man's tongue, and he showed it by his own reaction: he simply said nothing but went to his work, which consisted of grimacing at the stocking which Aquarius had earlier hung by the chimney with such assiduous care; then, turning with a jerk, and giving a brief dismissive nod, and laying his finger aside his nose—a gesture whose very spiritual nuance was rich with overtones of Brando's Terry Malloy, Brando's Zapata, yes, even Brando's Sakini—he rose up the chimney and was gone, gone even before Aquarius could dance the interviewer's muse around the floor a time or two and tickle the rump of her possibilities. So Aquarius was naturally deflated—his spirit was as dull as a stone in cancer gulch. Primed for a snack, he had scarcely licked the wrapper. Nor had the old gentleman completed his performance, not quite yet. His words were to be the first of the evening as well as the last and they drifted back to Aquarius from the wash of the wind in the wake of the sleigh as it vanished from sight, "Generous Metaphor to all! and to all a good night!"

"Riposte!" conceded Aquarius, and retired to the ropes to tend a wound that would give him a little more respect for his next opponent. □

Firing Line Guest: Huckleberry Finn

Buck: Coming by raft from Missouri to New York is not done
every day in the week,
But then our guest tonight is no ordinary boy. I speak
Of the genuine
Huckleberry Finn.
I hope you will write another book about your current adventures, Huck.
Huck: If I'd a knowed what a trouble it was to make a book, I
would a chuck
My first ADVENTURES back in chapter one.
Buck: I can understand it's more fun
To fish than write.
After all, foolscap doesn't bite
Like catfish on a hot summer's day.
Huck: I'm rotten glad I got it out o' the way,
So's I can go back to real non-intellectual livin'.
O' course, I was driven
To it by despurashun.
Buck: Your Pap needed the money for dissipation?
Huck: No, Mr. Twain he gived me orders through Tom Sawyer,
That ifn I didn't spill the beans, he was goin' to get a
lawyer,
An' sue me for breach o' premises.
Geewhillikins, I was skerd! Anybody as femises
He is could get me kicked off the Mississippi quick as lightnin',
Which is pisonest frightenin'
To a long time habitant sech as me.
Buck: You were hog-tied. Clearly
You had no choice but to pick up the quill.
Huck: I felt so ill
Doin' it, for awhile I thought I was coming down with the
dreadful pluribus unum mumps.
Buck: Is that the one that jumps
On you in a cemetery for neglecting to throw spilled salt
over your left shoulder?
Huck: Yeah. An' raises whoopjamboreehoo in you whilst three
witches hold a
Hot iron down your throat.
Buck: For which writing your *Adventures* was the only
antidote.
Huck: The only. And if it hadn't been for Tom
I suspicion I woulda writ off my whole arm.
Buck: Did he put in a plea?
Huck: Why, Tom superintended it! He could out-superintend
any boy I ever see!
Said, all excited like: "Huck, you got a deelightful thirty-
seven year job here,
Ifn you tell the honest Injun truth 'bout bein' a sultan who
started out in life as a charioteer,
An' ended up as dolphin o' France."
An' Jim was listenin' an' said Tom's plan was so mixed up an'
splendid, he'd most like to dance.
But I said I reckon tellin' the pure
Truth like that is takin' considerable resks, though I ain't had
much experience an' can't say for sure.
Buck: Well, I suspicion Mr. Twain was happy about what
you wrote. Right down to the bone.
Huck: I noticed Providence always did put the right words into my mouth,
ifn I left it alone.

—Johannes Eff

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CYCLAMATES & SACCHARIN

How Sweet It Isn't

ELIZABETH M. WHELAN

EATING, if we are to believe the newspapers, is hazardous to our health.

I managed to ride out the cyclamate storm of 1969/1970 by pacifying my sugar cravings with the doctored-up versions of saccharin that promptly appeared. I obediently reduced my bacon consumption when some reporter informed me that the nitrite preservative treatment it received made it the most dangerous thing in my refrigerator. I even braced myself for higher beef prices after the banning of DES, the cattle growing stimulant.

But then one day the newspapers reported some not-so-sweet things about saccharin, the only sugar substitute left. It was with great dismay that I learned that saccharin may soon go the way of cyclamates, all because of a piece of legislation known as the Delaney Clause. If saccharin goes, what then will I put in my coffee to liven up my low-calorie, cholesterol-, nitrite-, fat-free breakfast, and what will be the next substance to be whisked off my kitchen shelves? I decided to find out who this Mr. Delaney was and why he was saying these terrible things about my food.

I learned that the Delaney Clause, the work of Representative James J. Delaney of New York City, was passed as part of the Food Additive Amendment of 1958. The Clause states that the Food and Drug Administration (FDA) must remove from the market any food additive which leads to cancer when eaten by man or animal, legislation which, at first blush, appears to be reasonable.

Cyclamates were first introduced for commercial use in 1951. Although saccharin had been on the market for a number of years before then, it had the disadvantage of a bitter aftertaste. A mixture of ten parts cyclamate to one part saccharin, however, produced an ideal noncaloric sweetening agent. The cyclamate-saccharin compound was originally offered only to those who had medical cause to limit their sugar consumption. But diet and cavity conscious Americans became so enamored of sugar substitutes that consumption soared to over 17 million pounds by 1969.

The popularity of the sweeteners prompted both their producers and the Food and Drug Administration to review their safety. It became known that cyclamates could produce mild laxative effects if used in massive amounts, and that some people using them could internally convert small amounts to a substance known as CHA. Eighteen years of intensive research, however, could reveal no cyclamate- or CHA-related cancerous growths in animals or any other symptoms that might also occur in human beings.

THEN ENTER Jacqueline Verrett, an FDA scientist with a heart-rending script describing the gross malformations that developed in the baby chicks she had injected with cyclamates. There was no mention of the fact that injections of salt, water, or even air would have had similar or worse effects on the unfortunate chicks. Nor did she mention that she had ignored all regulations by disclosing her unverified conclusions to the press without first reporting her data to professional colleagues for review and evaluation. Subsequent television and press coverage, however, generated a great deal of concern among cyclamate consumers, who then constituted about 75 per cent of the American public.

On October 8, 1969, just after Dr. Verrett's television appearance, when cyclamania was at its peak, the results of a "significant new cyclamate study" were made available: in a group of 240 rats fed various levels of a cyclamate, saccharin, and CHA diet, eight at the highest dose levels developed urinary tumors. On October 18, HEW Secretary Robert Finch announced that findings of this single study required him to act in accordance with the Delaney Clause and terminate the usage of cyclamates in food products.

In making this decision, Mr. Finch put aside the results of 18 years of research that had demonstrated the safety of cyclamates, and relied on a single, inconclusive, and ambiguous study. A high school chemistry student knows that laboratory investigation of chemicals requires the testing of one substance at a time. Since the experiment which led to the banning of cyclamates involved a hash of three different substances, critics responded with sharp questions: Why were only cyclamates condemned? What about saccharin and CHA? Why didn't the experiment allow for the testing of these chemicals individually? Could equally high doses of salt or other "safe" substances bring about the same results? Shortly after the United States banned cyclamates, popular concern in Sweden, Finland, Japan, and England caused health officials there to take similar steps. Israel, on the other hand, after studying the matter, kept cyclamates on its grocery shelves.

Not all the supporting actors in the cyclamate saga were immediately visible. Mr. Finch stated that it was the inflexibility of the Delaney Clause that necessitated his action. It is unlikely, however, that this legislation would have had its command performance had it not been for four supporting factors: First, the American sugar industry, disgruntled that artificial sweeteners were replacing 700,000 tons of sugar annually in the United States, was funding and publicizing studies to discredit cyclamates.

Second, a group of eager reporters was more than willing to present unsubstantiated but newsworthy materials, such as Dr. Verrett's chicken study, to television audiences. Lacking experience in biochemistry, viewers were unable to evaluate the news reports and assumed that what they heard was accurate.

Third, a cancerphobic American public was willing to ban a substance upon hearing the merest shred of evidence. Finally, cyclamates had a willing and able understudy, in the form of saccharin mixed with small amounts of sugar and a few alternative chemicals to diminish its bitter aftertaste.

Saccharin initially managed to maintain its status on the list of Generally Recognized as Safe (GRAS) items despite its inclusion in the experiment that led to the downfall of cyclamates. In

(Continues on page 49)

Dr. Whelan, executive director of Demographic Materials, Inc., is working on a book, The Natural Foods Hoax.

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The Reality of Totalitarian Despotism

GERHART NIEMEYER

THINGS ARE curiously reversed these days. The U.S. Government behaves as if totalitarian Communism had gotten religion and become one of us. President Kennedy, after all, granted sanctuary only to the hired Cuban gunman, but President Nixon has promised atomic immunity to the big Moscow boss himself. While from the citadel of freedom the signals sound "Stack arms!," horrified Soviet citizens gasp an urgent warning, "Don't!"; previously foot-dragging European friends now discover their utter inability to feel the safety from Communism that the European security pact purports to extend; and tolerant, democratic, patient Chile explodes in violent indignation against the ideocratic despotism of its late minority president. Is Communism an enemy, totalitarianism a reality? Sakharov, Jobert, and Chileans say yes, Nixon and Brandt no. Somebody else also says no: Herbert Spiro, author of the article "Totalitarianism" in the *International Encyclopedia of the Social Sciences*, asserting that the term was born of a cold war mentality and will now begin to "wither away," so that the next edition of the *IESS* will not even list it. This has moved Bertram D. Wolfe, author of *Three Who Made a Revolution*, to publish a paper on totalitarianism in the *Lugano Review* (March 1973), in which he powerfully sketches once again the full range of the very real political evils planned and inflicted by Nazism, Fascism, Communism, pointing out that it was the very perpetrators of these evils who coined for themselves the predicate "totalitarian." The word, appearing in Italy in the mid Twenties, used at the same time in Germany by Ernst Jünger and Carl Schmitt, was put into general circulation by the British press soon thereafter. So much for the myth of the cold war origin of "totalitarianism," says Wolfe.

Actually, the first mention of the term occurs in Adam Müller's lectures "On the Whole of Statecraft" (1808/9), where the state is called "the totality of all human affairs," the epitome of all physical and mental life, an organism entitled to our undivided love, which can demand of us everything and to which we must dedicate ourselves with all our "heart, affection, and emotion."

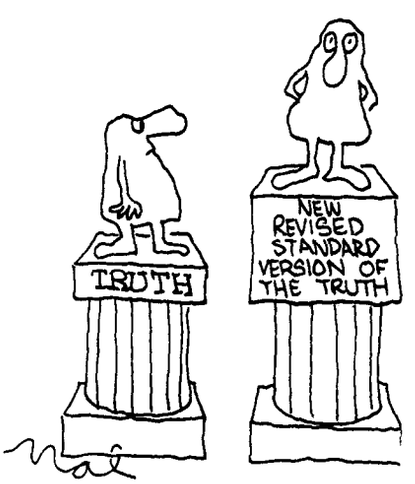
Adam Müller was one of the leading German romantics, strongly influenced by Schelling. The hallmark of romantic thinking was its insistence on the untrammeled subjective freedom of creation. To remove all obstacles, the romantic discarded structured concepts and forms, which appeared to him as bothersome limitations. The worlds which he imaginatively created were free from the strictures of causal laws or any other permanent feature of the real world. What he projected out of his subjectivity was a complex of emotions and dreams, content without form. No discipline of learning could disclose its order: in one great leap of enthusiasm a romantic would soar from nothing to a new knowledge of nature, "the whole of statecraft," or even such mundane affairs as finance. Producing worlds as works of art, the romantic genius assumed identity with God the Creator. Hence his concept of the state as "the totality of all physical and spiritual life," and his demand for unconditional devotion to that organism.

Harmless, charming, playful? One might say so, for these romantics were no doers. Political action was the last thing on their minds; it would have kept them from fresh dreams. They flitted from French Revolution to the Prussian state and on to liberalism, to nourish their emotions with new stimuli; they were intellectual butterflies. Yet the Promethean madness of man taking God's creator place survived the pure aestheticism of the romantics and became the crux of totalitarianism, a

> *rough beast, its hour come round at last,*
> *Slouches towards Bethlehem to be born . . .*

Marx was the first to say it aloud: the point of philosophy is not to interpret the world, but to change it, using the political force of the masses. Neither he nor his friend Engels be came mass leaders, though. The see bore fruit only in the twentieth centur when, on the same premise of man' usurpation of divine rank, men cor ceived of quasimilitary formations t bring on violent political travail prc ducing new worlds: Lenin created th armylike "vanguard party," Mussolir the *fasci di combattimento* (combi units), and Hitler his storm trooper: from then on, head bashing, torture beatings, street fighting, shots in th dark came to be the vehicle of politic change. Hué testifies to the persistenc of this pattern in our day. Whatev thing resembling a government emerg from this politics can maintain itse only through systematic terror aimir at total control of man's mind an emotions.

TOTALITARIANISM with its endem violence is real, not as a "system of go ernment" (creatively it has remaine sterile, producing neither new forms art, nor of thought, nor of gover ment), but as a toxic obsession of me organized in "movements" looking f new worlds of their own making. Son have claimed that liberalism alo stands against this threat as a tr alternative. That is a profound mistak liberalism has long been in the busine of permissiveness, in its turn discardir norms, structures, and hierarchie Totalitarianism's ultimate enemies a those who remain aware that reality not man-made but rooted in dee grounds, to explore which is mar wisdom, and to revere, man's nobilit



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Nationalism and the Ukraine

ERIK v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

ONLY A FEW YEARS AGO Pyotr E. Shelest was a very important man indeed—Vice Premier and First Secretary of the Communist Party of the Ukraine—and in fact, until April 1973, he was still a member of the Politburo. Yet this summer he was singled out for a rather savage attack by another Ukrainian, Shepitzkii, in the Kiev edition of the Communist Party journal *Communist*. He was made responsible for all the administrative woes in the Ukraine—corruption, inefficiency, negligence, nepotism—but the most serious charge against him was emphasis on local ethnic values.

Nationalism—as this term is used in Eastern Europe—is an internal force of disintegration, and it is becoming more and more active in the Soviet Union. However, it would be a mistake to believe that nationalism is making itself felt only among the oppressed minorities. The genuine Russians, the Great Russians, with their falling birthrate, are now a minority themselves, with the result that a "Russian national renaissance" is going on in the very heart of the Soviet state.

The Russian intelligentsia is showing more and more interest in the cultural values of old Russia, in her history, customs, art, architecture, music, philosophy—even her religion. (I do not mention literature because that interest has always been very much alive.) People are now turning to Old Russia even for their clothes. Many men are wearing *rubashki* (blouse-shirts), and feminine fashions reflect the spirit of a bygone age. This trend, which first began about ten years ago, is described in a brilliant short novel by Yurii Tritonov, *Preliminary Reckoning*. Its "hero" complains that his wife and her (platonic) friend are enamored of Russia's past and spend all their time visiting old palaces, old monasteries, old churches, and reading the "arch-conservatives" Konstantin Leontyev and Nikolai Berdyayev. A little earlier Vladimir Soloyukhin wrote "Letters from the Russian Museum, Reflections and Observations of a Soviet Poet." With the exception of the Kremlin, the author tells us, Moscow has been ruined architecturally, while Leningrad has managed to save its face and its soul. Of course, these letters are only a pretext. When Soloyukhin writes about Russian art, especially about the ikons and their masters, it becomes evident where he stands spiritually.

The Russian renaissance has parallels in other parts of the USSR, where the "nationalities" fervently demand autonomy if not outright independence. This is true of the Baltic Republics, of the Central Asian domains, of Georgia, but, above all, of the Ukraine.

The Ukraine

Who are the Ukrainians? They number at least fifty million, probably a good deal more. In the course of history they have been called Ruthenians, Little Russians, and South Russians. The Ukraine was the very cradle of Russian culture and civilization. In fact, the first phase of Russian history is called "the Kievan Rus."

Kiev, the capital of the Ukraine, was a political and spiritual center when Moscow was a provincial village. Then came the catastrophe of the Mongol-Tartar domination. The liberation came from the north, and much of the Ukraine came under the domination first of Moscow, and then, by the fourteenth century, of Poland, Lithuania, and Hungary. For a long time it was considered a wild borderland (Ukraine, a relatively new name, means "frontier").

After the partitions of Poland, western Ukraine became part of the Austrian monarchy. The Austrians were interested in fostering a sense of ethnic independence among their Ukrainians (in order not to let them fall prey to Russian propaganda), and thus an independent language and literature developed there. In 1918 the Central Powers endeavored to make the Ukraine a kingdom. After a few months of independence, the country became in 1920 a Federated Republic in the USSR, which subtly tried to Great-Russianize them. Ever since then there has been a national Ukrainian resistance, frequently armed and to this day never completely subdued.

This situation has no real parallel in Western history. The closest (though rather poor) analogy is to be found in the development of an Austrian national feeling after 1945. Vienna was the residence of the Habsburgs; the crown of the Holy Roman Empire is in Vienna; the symbols of the Austrian Empire were those of the old German Empire, the First Reich. However, there is no separate Austrian language and anybody attempting to write phonetically in one of the Austrian dialects would be laughed out of court, whereas Russians are only half right in referring to Ukrainian as a patois (in the same sense Dutch would be a German patois). Great Russians waxing indignant about Ukrainian separatism and insisting that to them Kiev is what Philadelphia and Boston are to the Americans, what Reims is to the French, Toledo to the Spaniards, or Canterbury to the English, have to be understood. Moreover, without the Ukraine and its richest of rich soils and enormous mineral deposits, Russia, though not ruined, would be greatly weakened.

Yet one has to admit that the Ukrainians have developed a national feeling very much of their own. All over their country one finds an intense hatred for the "Muscovites" (*Moskalyi*), which goes hand in hand with anti-Communist feelings. As in Yugoslavia, the Communists in the USSR are almost always identified with another nationality ("We are not Communists. The Communists come from . . ."). Yet, armed resistance and local riots are largely limited to rural areas because the cities have been packed with *Moskalyi*. In Kiev itself the Ukrainians are today probably a minority.

All this poses a problem for Western propaganda. The Great Russians, regardless of their feeling toward the Soviet state, view with horror the idea of a "dismemberment" under Western auspices, whereas the Ukrainians, regardless of their politics, fervently hope for liberation. Ukrainian nationalism is a paradox for the historian. But it is a reality practical politicians have to reckon with. □

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Arts & Manners

The GIMLET EYE

D. KEITH MANO

Bishop's Pawn Up

They go off on a fast track. The Suffragan Bishop Stakes: for 40-year-olds and up, purse 16 to 20 grand a year. They should wear numbers. Geyer I can handle, but the rest: Weden, Weston, Willing, Winterbottom, and Wright. Sounds like the back page of a small town phone directory. Or maybe a rock group: The Apostolic Succession. One morning line goes, Geyer 6-1, Weden 50-1 (scratched), Weston 40-1 (suggested from the floor; scratched from the floor), Willing 8-1, Winterbottom 12-1, Wright 1-10. Harold Louis Wright is black. Also he's Bishop Paul Moore's special assistant for ministries. Bishop Moore likes to be first: marijuana—that's low church incense—was first smoked in St. John the Divine Cathedral during his administration. It annoys him that the New York Episcopal Diocese has never managed a black bishop. It's said he has the first female bishop cosmetized and ready. Mitres by Mary Quant. If they start a Bronx Zoo mission, Bishop Moore's representative won't offend the congregation.

Edward Blaine Geyer is also black: but he comes from Hartford. David B. Weden Jr. is a white out of Peoria. These are men who want to be bishop somewhere, anywhere. For them the New York election is a primary. Golda Meir has about as much chance, but strong finishes in this trial heat—place or show, say—will Day-Glo their national reputations. Some dioceses prefer a domestic product; others import. A unique Episcopal type has evolved: carpetbaggers of the Holy Spirit—forceful, charismatic, ambitious clergymen who, for one reason or another, have been body-checked in the home diocese.

There is a difference between the Elect and the elected. Times like this I get a Catholic urge: Protestantism seems too damned democratic. You can't vote grace; on the other hand waiting for tongues of flame or a spectral voice might be inconvenient. The last few months New York Diocese has been afflicted with amateur precinct bosses, pr departments, canvassers. I find it is distasteful to get a brochure from the "Ad Hoc Committee for an Effective Suffragan Bishop" with the rest of my junk mail. It's as if St. Paul had sent advance men along the road to Damascus. Robert Nelson Willing has a reasonable chance: he represents the upstate, more conservative parishes against the big city in this gangling, unmanageable diocese. But Fr. Willing's machine needs to have its points filed. His letter comes five days after the election. Something wrong there: I can't isolate it. Guess he expected to win on the 69th ballot. Bishop Moore is enjoined from electioneering for his protégé, but incumbency is powerful, you can hear it in the word.

This is a bad morning to die. All the extreme unction for 75 miles north has been stored in Synod House. Might as well try to get your doctor on a Wednesday. My information kit says LAY PERSON. Give us half a dozen years they'll be CLERGY PERSONS, Rev. Ms Jones. Included: breakfast ticket, box lunch ticket, badge, first ballot, and essential to any work of the spirit, my Parking Permit. There is turgid excitement, clergymen don't root. The lay delegates appear a pathetic lot: voice tremolo; hands have just sufficient coordination. Weak seed. It's an unchristian thought, but good churchmanship seems so often to be an advanced sort of therapy. Compensation, perhaps. haven't got great hands this morning either. Clergy and lay ballot separately but the totals will show just a 20-vote margin. Protestant democracy stops here. Ministers give very firm pastoral counsel: it's a cranky delegate who'd presume to split the parish vote. I certainly wouldn't dare.

JUST AS well. I've run into Fr. Willing once or twice: I know Doyle, Dane and Bernbach better than I know the other five. The Diocese provides biographical data plus a statement from each: pretty much "Why I want to be bishop" in 200 words or less. I'm convinced that—beyond the epistemological, teleological, and ontological—there is a stylistic proof of God's existence. The four Gospels are graceful and perfect in tone, structure, characterization. God is omnipotent, omniscient, and, yes, literate. In the beginning was the Word. But my candidate write as if they were applying for chair of comparative jargon. Geyer style needs Feen-a-mint—administere

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intravenously. "Likewise such a frame of reference would induce admiration of those outside the church and excite the respect of young people troubled by Institutional-type 'credibility gaps.' " Wright, the phenom, grapeshots infinitives. "We need to enable them again to be pastors concerned to make people whole, to do what they can to put together again the broken bits of humanity and, if not to cure, at least to be inspirers of faith and hope." To. I'm embarrassed.

THE speeches count: each man gets a ten minute, a five, and as many threes as he can piggyback up to the podium. They score on prestige and numbers: not on content. Geyer's are good but lightweight. Willing's machine misfires again. The ten-minute man compares him to Eleanor Roosevelt. Worse, there's a resemblance. Two hours pass:

300 clergymen atoning for their sermons. Wright has the alphabet on his side: last and loaded. Superstars of the Episcopal Church come on. Incumbency. His ten-minute man opens, "I've been asked: is this going to be controversial? No!" He's loose and jokey. Not the time for radicalism; the time for triumph. Three-minute man after three-minute man—a last few, wet fingers to the wind, diving for a bandwagon's running board. Two dozen stupid puns on Wright: "You can't go wrong with Wright." Poor Winterbottom, he has no resources there. One three-minute man says, "No man should be elected because he belongs to a minority group." He can say that again. But he doesn't: "I recommend Harold Louis Wright for three reasons: character, performance, and race." You get the idea.

I cast my ballot. Receive a second ballot. I'm writing on it now. In the time it takes to eat an Episcopal box lunch, Harold Louis Wright is elected. On the first ballot: unheard of. It's good, I suppose. Symmetrical anyway. Three bishops, one black; the diocesan population roughly two to one. Good: though once upon a time I thought the Holy Spirit had no constituencies. □

DELECTATIONS

NIKA HAZELTON

Napa Valley's Renaissance

Nowhere in the winemaking world is there such excitement as in California today. In coming issues I will have much to say about California and New York wines; I will begin now with a leader of the California wine renaissance, a new winery whose quest for better wine involves constant experimentation and the use of both modern and traditional techniques and equipment: the Napa Valley's Robert Mondavi Winery. (It is important not to confuse Robert Mondavi's wines with the lower-priced, lower-quality Mondavi-labeled wines of the Charles Krug Winery, which—though owned by Robert's kinsmen—is an entirely separate operation.)

The very premises of the Robert Mondavi Winery are a fusion of the old and the new at their best: a stunning modern version of the California Spanish mission style, surrounded by its own vineyards, with the Mayacamas Mountains in the background. Within is a spacious and harmonious area for tasting groups, art exhibits and even concerts. The working part of the winery features modern equipment — steel fermenting tanks and centrifuges—for clearing the wine, and old-fashioned European oak barrels and casks for aging it. Robert Mondavi, a slight, elegant man in his early fifties, is his own winemaker; his son Michael runs the winery. I learned a great deal about winemaking from their lucid and kind explanations.

Robert Mondavi makes red, rosé, and white wines, fewer than a dozen, and not all of them available in New York. His goal is to produce vintage wines that rank among the world's finest—as Robert Mondavi California wines. All good winemakers have a style of their own, and I would describe that of Robert Mondavi wines as one of elegance and complexity, with a soft depth —wines with finesse rather than blockbusters. Mondavi's first great concern is with the grapes, of which he has planted some 800 acres; he hopes eventually not to have to buy any grapes from others. He feels that California has not yet fully explored which grapes are best for what soil or microclimate, as Europe has done over its centuries of winemaking. This is a concern felt by all the makers of quality wines; Mondavi has built himself a small research winery where he experimentally ferments small quantities of grapes from various locations.

Barrel aging is another of Robert Mondavi's great preoccupations. His was one of the first California wineries to make considerable use of French and German oak barrels and casks, rather than the far less expensive American white oak or redwood tanks and barrels. Wood affects the flavor and color of wine enormously. So does size: wine aged in larger containers is fruitier and lighter than wine aged in small barrels; the latter have a deeper color, more softness and complexity.

Robert Mondavi also experiments with filtering, and with not filtering. Wines may be cleared through many kinds of filters, and the process achieves (especially in white wines) the brilliant color the public at large not unreasonably desires. But it is a delicate affair, since too much or too heavy a filtering will numb a wine and destroy many of its fine qualities. Many of the world's best wines are never filtered at all, and those bland wines we are cursed with are usually overfiltered into purity and tastelessness. The difference came out in a Robert Mondavi experiment with his Fumé Blanc, which resembles the Pouilly-Fumé of the Loire; it is a big wine, with the Sauvignon Blanc grape's fresh, fruity aroma and bouquet, and it is one of Robert Mondavi's most successful and popular wines. I tasted two 1972 bottles, one filtered, the other unfiltered. The first was fine; but the second was very different, and much better.

It is fascinating to go with the Mondavis through their winery. You stop at many of the stainless steel fermenting tanks, drawing samples to see the differences among wines fermented at different temperatures and for different

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lengths of time. You are told of experiments with the length of time the skins and stems of red grapes are left in the must while fermenting, the process which gives red wine its color, its fullness, and its longevity. Sometimes Mondavi uses a single kind of grape to make a wine, as good winemakers do in California; sometimes he blends, as good winemakers do in Bordeaux and Burgundy. He experiments with fining the wines, a traditional process that clarifies them through the addition of certain substances, from egg white to chemicals, which attract the impurities in the wine so that they can be removed together. He experiments with the centrifuge, a new machine that removes these impurities by centrifugal action, thereby lessening the need to filter and fine wines, thus keeping in their flavor—the centrifuge is *the* new machine of the winemaking industry. Always, Robert Mondavi and his son are asking how things can be made better, to produce the complex, elegant wines they want to make—and do make.

I tasted a 1971 Robert Mondavi Chardonnay against a good white Burgundy, a 1970 Les Perrières Meursault. The French wine was bigger, harder, and blander, the California one softer and fresher. A 1968 Robert Mondavi Pinot Noir was lighter-colored, fresher, cleaner, and lighter, with a better bouquet than a 1969 Richebourg Vosne Romanée. The Cabernet Sauvignon, which is California's answer to the great red Bordeaux, is a marvelous wine (though, like almost all of California's good red wines, it needs aging). It is the favorite wine of both the State Department and the White House. Other Robert Mondavi wines available in New York are a Gamay Rosé, a Chenin Blanc, a Johannesberg Riesling, a Riesling, and a Gamay Red; they range from $3.23 (for the Gamay Rosé) to $5.90 (for Cabernet Sauvignon). The Gourmet Liquor Shop, 1118 Madison Avenue at 83rd in New York, has these wines, as well as an excellent selection of other American premium wines. They are not cheap—but more about prices, industry conditions, vineyards, and the like in forthcoming Delectations. □

RECORDINGS

MANUELA HOELTERHOFF

Son of Norma

In a previous review [*NR*, June 22], Norma bravely ascended the funeral pyre together with proconsul Pollione in expiation for her sins. She left two children. Until recently, their subsequent fate and careers have remained shrouded in mystery. Fortunately for our perspective on Rome's declining years, scholars have studied the matter carefully, and after years of painstaking research, light has finally fallen into this dark forest. Unsuspected by even the great Gibbon, it now appears that Norma's eldest became none other than Attila, scourge of Rome and king of a thousand forests. (The younger brother, Bleda, died suddenly, clutching his throat, silenced by a particularly piquant goulash served by Odin's favorite, and is of little consequence to the history of opera.) Philips' recent version of Verdi's *Attila* features the bland if beautiful voice of basso Ruggero Raimondi in the title role.

In Bellini's *Norma*, Pollione had voiced serious doubts about the longevity of the Eternal City. In *Attila*, composed 15 years later in 1846, sad premonitions have become reality. Aquileia has fallen, and little, little seems to stand in the way of Attila's army and total destruction of the city.

But suddenly, on one of the many roads leading to Rome, stands Cristina Deutekom equipped with rapid-fire coloratura and a trusty high D, and backed by an auxiliary force of Aquileia's warrior virgins. Her "bosom girt in steel," the Dutch soprano deflects the barbarian advance with a vocal barrage that quite explains her status in Italy, where she has carved out a sizable career for herself singing primarily two roles (Lucia, and Elvira in *I Puritani*). Odabella is an auspicious addition to her burgeoning repertoire. She portrays the inane character with commendable enthusiasm, and for her duet with her lover Foresto (Carlo Bergonzi) she even musters a bit of charm. Certainly she helps deflate the theory that world careers are made only at the Metropolitan Opera—since she sang there briefly a few years back and then disappeared immediately. (She will return this season in Verdi's *Vespri Siciliani*.)

Deeply affected by her courageous stance, overwhelmed by her beauty, Attila is momentarily sidetracked. He saves Odabella's life, marries her, and gives her his sword as a present. After the wedding ceremony she stabs him with it. "*E tu pure, Odabella*?" he sighs —the closest librettist Temistocle Solera ever came to Shakespeare.

The music itself is occasionally similar to that of another recent release, this one from Angel (appropriately enough). Entitled *Giovanna d'Arco*, it had its premiere at La Scala a few months before *Attila*. Montserrat Caballé, deprived of her pyre and a first-rate death scene (in this version Joan dies on the battlefield clutching her standard), finds moments of great inspiration in the other two acts and prologue. Only the fairly familiar aria "*Oh ben s'addice*" in which Joan sees the heavens open and angels sing, finds her in poor spirits. The Maid of Orleans, it appears, was suffering from a mundane cold on one of the recording days.

Probably nothing short of a miracle will make Placido Domingo's top range open up, but he sings Charles VII's smooth lines with considerable finesse and joins Caballé for a rousing duet following her incisive "*Pronta son*" outburst. Tenor Carlo Bergonzi, on the other album, has a more appealing tonal quality.

The two conductors involved, Lamberto Gardelli (*Attila*) and James Levine (*Giovanna d'Arco*), provide the forceful, straightforward support early- and middle-period Verdi demands.

Both have an asset in baritone Sherrill Milnes, who sings the mercenary roles of Ezio (Aetius), the Roman general, and Giacomo, the demented peasant. In *Attila* he tries to sell out both Valentinian and Theodosius III to the Hun. In *Giovanna d'Arco*, he sells his daughter Joan to the English, asking a mere place in their army as compensation. The real Joan fetched 10,000 livres for the Burgundian soldiers who captured her in 1430. □

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BOOKS

God and Mano

PATRICIA S. COYNE

The Bridge
By D. Keith Mano
Doubleday, 240 pp., $6.95

"Blood welled to brim the armpit. Priest paused; he was thoughtful. He saw the white, freckly skin there, a fowl's breast. . . . Priest levered one palm under Oglivy's chin, settled belly to belly on him, comfortable. As the women watched, those who would be the ten Eves of Priest, he ate Oglivy's arm to the sweet flesh around its bone."

And so, in Mano's new novel, the sixth in as many years, a new prophet emerges from a civilization dying from ecological fervor. The year is 2035. Man is nourished by chemicals, not allowed to speak, and forbidden to kill any living thing. A proclamation has been issued directing the human race to commit voluntary suicide, for "the process of breathing has and will continue to destroy and maim innumerable forms of microscopic biological life . . . man in good conscience can no longer permit this wanton destruction of our fellow creatures, whose right to exist is fully as great as ours."

Priest, the protagonist, is a huge dumb beast of a man driven by an all-powerful will to live. Through the ultimate act of rebellion—feasting on flesh—he reawakens civilization's life force and goes on to found a new race and to create a religion whose sacraments are centered in ritualistic murder and cannibalism.

The story is imaginative and ambitious, a difficult one to pull off. But Mano does it very well. He skillfully creates a mad and horrifying world, the construction of which is woven into the action rather than built from rhetoric—the mark of the mature novelist. And although the premise upon which Mano builds his world—that the ecological movement could one day destroy mankind—seems excessive, farfetched fictional premises can be judged fairly only on the adroitness of their development, not on the likelihood of their occurrence. The author is free to set the scene. Our only demand is that he set it well.

But part of this scene-setting process includes the creation of believable inhabitants. In Mano's novel the people dramatize the way in which extreme environments dehumanize man. But to be believable, they must also dramatize that part of him which remains human. And here I believe Mano falters, for he is primarily concerned with man's bestial nature, and it is this bestial dimension with which Mano plays to the exclusion of the other. Human beings emerge as little more than the sum total of their appetites and organs. Rotten bowels and reeking flesh are part of human life, of course, but surely no more than just a part. Nor does the jerking of a man's limbs constitute the total drama of his death.

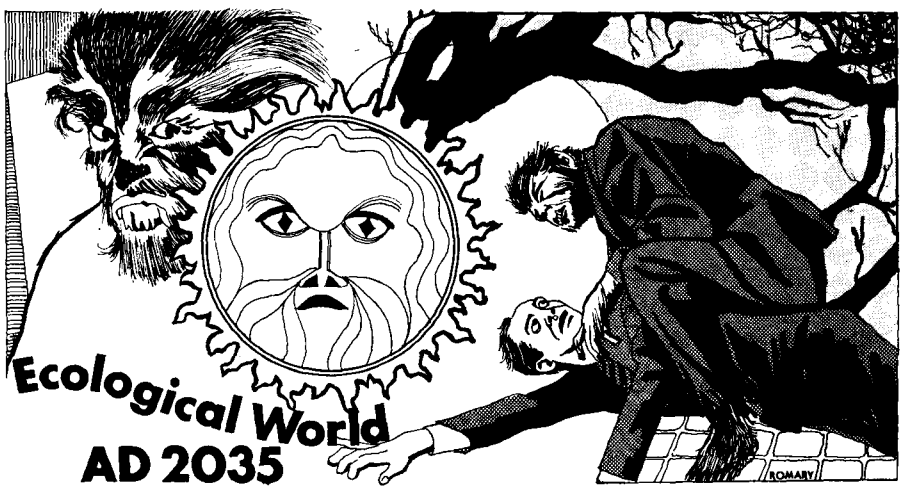
Mano writes well. He is, in fact, one of the most gifted members of the sweat and vomit school that seemed to spring up about the time Norman Mailer was regurgitating his first can of K rations.

Mano's is a school that is respected and critically acclaimed. But even the acclamation itself belies the nature of the genre, for it demonstrates that if man can approve and appreciate books about his own bestiality, his sexual degeneracy, the disintegration of his flesh, then he has the ability to recognize and judge the processes. And this ability alone presupposes that he remains outside of the things he is judging.

C. S. Lewis once said that proof of man's spirituality lies in the fact that he is afraid of ghosts and that he tells dirty jokes. On one hand, man recognizes and stands in awe of the supernatural; on the other, he recognizes and stands above his animal nature.

To write about man as a mere animal, then, is to ignore the fact that he recognizes what he is. The depravity of the body is important only because man wishes it were not depraved. The stink of the flesh is noteworthy only because man would rather that it did not stink.

No one would demand that Mano portray man as all graceful and tender and loving. Still, man has been known



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o display these attributes, and to ignore hat is to ignore what, by any sane tandard, must be considered his most nportant feature.

Mano is considered a Christian /riter. As such, his basic tenet must be iat man is part flesh but also part God. Mano is a master at dramatizing fleshly xtremes. We can hear the tendons tear, ie vertebrae crack. We smell animal utrefaction, see dismembered joints. ;ut he has yet to explore with the same est and enthusiasm, or even with subued curiosity, those qualities of man –the Godlike—in which as a Christian e must believe.

Still, Mano is only 31. At the rate e's going, when he's 50 he will have 'ritten 25 novels. He's got plenty of me. □

talin as Revolutionary 1879-1929
y Robert C. Tucker
Norton, 519 pp., $12.95

.ENIN'S TRUE HEIR

'ERDINAND MOUNT

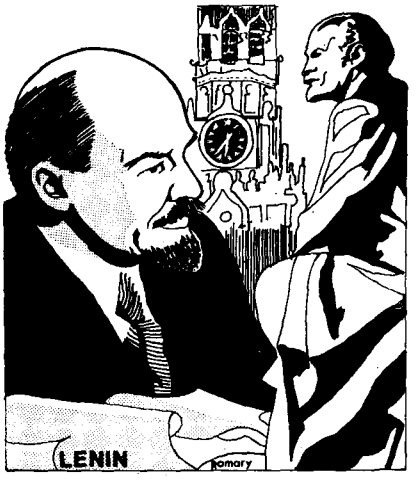
oets come in all sizes, but tyrants otoriously fit into the vest pocket. talin was 5 foot 4 inches tall, about the ime as Lenin and Napoleon, a little naller than Hitler but towering above ie dwarfish Alexander. Like most of ie breed, he came from a provincial order state and resented its inferiority, ist as he resented his father's failure, runkenness, and maltreatment of his doring mother. With eerie exactness talin fits the pattern of the horrible ttle man from the sticks who vents his ferioority complex on the world.

Did I hear someone murmur the ead shibboleth "psychohistory"? Well, rofessor Tucker subtitles his work "a udy in history and personality," which ounds less couchbound, but among his edits we find Big Daddy Erik Erikon of the all too seminal *Young Man uther* and Bruce Mazlish, whose *In earch of Nixon* sought anality but achieved only banality. Tucker does himself injury by associating with this grisly crew, for the first volume of his life of Stalin—which takes us up to the zenithal 50th birthday celebrations—is mostly a straightforward biography with the minimum of vapid psychospeculation. Its scholarly depth and clear narrative line will make it a standard work. And yet, and yet, is the overall impression that it leaves either true or complete?

THE problem about Stalin is his unrelieved repulsiveness. No single endearing trait is recorded of him, no instance of enduring loyalty or saving affection. As far as I know, he wasn't even kind to animals. Moreover, during his ruthless rise to power, with which this volume is principally concerned, his main opponent was one of the most inventive polemicists of the century, Leon Trotsky.

"A mediocrity," "the gravedigger of the Revolution," "the personification of the bureaucracy," "a Georgian gangster" —again and again it is Trotsky's acid phrases that have etched the image of Stalin on our memory. Tucker says that "in Trotsky's writings we find very many valuable observations on Stalin as an individual"—as if Trotsky were a respected contributor to a psychohistorical *Festschrift* and not fighting for his life. While disputing Trotsky's insinuation that Stalin poisoned Lenin, Tucker says primly that "it was not in Trotsky's character simply to fabricate an historical happening." On the contrary, Trotsky rewrote history just as hard as Stalin did, the only difference being that Trotsky was a better writer and in the long run the pen is mightier than the ice axe.

And Trotsky was not alone. The firsthand testimony from Stalin's victims is so violently abusive that it leads Tucker to underestimate Stalin's abilities and by contrast to swoon excessively before Lenin's "matchless energy, talent, imagination, personal charm, and tactical genius." Yes, and he invented the zipper too.



The good Lenin, we are told, was deceived by the horrible Stalin's sycophantic cunning and the scales fell from his noble eyes only as he lay dying. This view will go nicely in the Kremlin, but it is unconvincing to anyone who has ever worked for a powerful and unpleasant boss. Such men are not entirely deceived by that kind of sycophancy though they may revel in it. The reality is that Stalin was the ideal hatchet man, slavish to his boss, brutal and merciless to everybody else, and Lenin needed men like that.

Significantly, the only time Stalin ever deviated from the Leninist line was in that chaotic March-April of 1917 when Russia was engulfed in revolution but poor old Joe just didn't know whether this was The Revolution because Lenin was still on that damned train and hadn't told him. Tucker contrasts Stalin's harsh treatment of non-Russian nations, including his own Georgians whom he despised, with Lenin's more sympathetic distaste for "Great Russian chauvinism." But the reality is that Lenin prated of self-determination while permitting Stalin to get on with the dirty work.

TOO OFTEN the psychology of his subject blocks Tucker's vision not only of the psychology of others but also of the influence of ideology upon personal character and conduct. Stalin was inordinately suspicious and combative, but paranoia is endemic to Leninism. Stalin was unremittingly cruel; he cloaked his mean personal revenges with the dignity of doctrinal struggle; but where is there in Marx the spirit of charity and forgiveness, where the sense of the unique worth of the individual?

The most dishonest revisionism of all is to pretend that "Stalinism" was nothing but an aberration. It may have been the singleminded pursuit of power through organization and intrigue that secured Stalin victory in the battle for the succession, but his formula of the creative revolutionary will driving on a carefully elaborated combination of collectivization and industrialization gave him at least as good a claim as Bukharin or Trotsky to be considered the true heir of Lenin. As mass murderers go, Stalin was one of the nastiest in history. But he was not an ignora-

atricia S. Coyne *and* **Ferdinand Mount** *e frequent contributors to these pages.* . . **Walter Connor** *is in the Sociology epartment of the University of Michin in Ann Arbor.* . . . **Brenton H. mith** *is in the History Department of 'iami University in Oxford, Ohio.* . . . **uth Berenson** *is* NR*'s art critic.*

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mus or a mediocrity. And he was not a freak.

Lenin didn't think he was a freak either. Tucker makes much of the affair of "Lenin's Testament" because Stalin's opponents made much of it too. But the dispute was about personal power, not about ideological purity. Stalin, seeing Lenin's health failing after his third stroke, became even more unpleasant than usual; worst of all, he was rude to Lenin's wife. Almost to the last, like any old fighter, Lenin believed he would make a comeback. Such insubordination was an intolerable suggestion that he was finished. Hence the bitter criticism of Stalin's rudeness, treachery, and ambition in the postscript to Lenin's letter to the Congress. All that had happened was that Lenin had caught Stalin trying on his crown. Psychohistory fails us here. Shakespeare doesn't:

> Prince Henry: I never thought to hear you speak again.
> King Henry: Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought;
> I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.
> Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair
> That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honors
> Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!
> Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.
> (*King Henry IV*, Part 2, IV, 4)

The little Georgian paranoiac hardly measures up to our picture of the carefree Prince Hal, but it was greatness that overwhelmed him all right, him and 20 million others. □

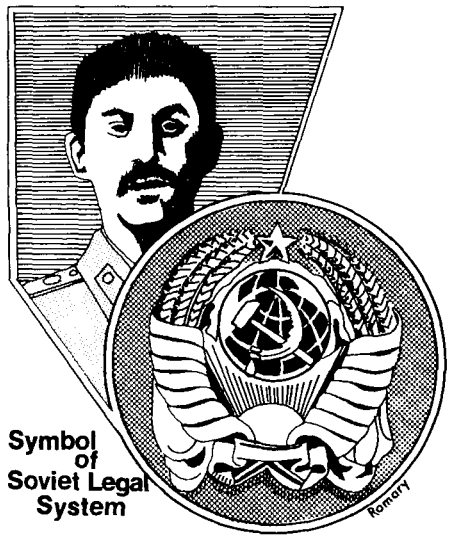
Stalin: The Man and His Era
By Adam B. Ulam
Viking, 760 pp., $12.95

TRIUMPH OF THE PREPOSTEROUS

WALTER CONNOR

Ten years ago, in a variety of conferences and symposia marking a decade since Stalin's death, students of Soviet affairs asked how far Russia had come since then and where it was going. While conclusions were quite tentative, some pointed hopefully to signs of liberalization, however moderate, and change. Today, with the perspective of yet another decade, it seems clear that the hopes were not justified—the Soviet system, Stalin's unique creation, endures, its major characteristics essentially unchanged.

Ulam's biography catches both the magnitude of Stalin's lasting impact



and the "preposterous" nature of the era he fashioned: the obligatory footnotes to this "universal genius" in books of any sort, the "reinstatement" of the death penalty in his waning years after "considerable popular demand," the macabre (and unchallenged) pronouncement, as the country lay prostrate after the forced collectivization of the early 1930s, that "life has become better, comrades, life has become gayer." For all the preposterous qualities of the architecture, however, Stalin *was* a builder—and his "creative" activity, "a demonstration, unique in recent history, of how much can be accomplished by force and violence."

Beyond its superb biographical qualities, this book, like Conquest's *The Great Terror*, is a convincing illustration of Hannah Arendt's observation that "what common sense and 'normal people' refuse to believe is that everything is possible." Ulam presents many Stalins—the young Georgian revolutionary, the abrasive but calculating Kremlin infighter of Lenin's last years, the national leader in the "Great Fatherland War"—but the Stalin who emerges most strikingly is the energetic and brutal one who undertakes the impossible, who makes "war against the nation" in the collectivization and industrialization campaigns of 1928-1932, then, after a brief respite culminating in the "world's most democratic" constitution of 1936, sinks the country once again into horror in the great purges of 1937-1938.

Stalin's ascendancy and his ultimat drawing of all the reins of power t himself, one is tempted to observe, d pended not only on ruthlessness an an accurate reading of the character Bukharin, Rykov, Kamenev, and th other "conspirators" he would liquidat but also on incredible *luck*. Time ar again, his coercive tactics for tran forming the nation alarmed others the leadership who were fearful of po ular revolt. In the case of collectiviz tion, they "objected to his method not out of any humanitarian scrupl but on the ground that they were bour to bring disaster to the regime. In th they were mistaken: they were to brir about a national catastrophe, not political one." Stalin's luck held—l saved the regime, but in doing so ma it more than ever *his* regime, and th sealed the fates of those who lat would come to confess treason, espi nage, and "wrecking" in the Mosco trials.

ANY biographer of an autocrat wl "saw" conspirators everywhere, wl proclaimed that "ultraclever" wrecke *overfulfilled* their production quot and waited for war to "wreck" on large scale, and who acted as if th were true, must come to the questi of his subject's sanity. For Ulam, t Stalin of the purges was *not* insane, u less insanity be simply an "utter la of moral sensitivity." The aging desp of the postwar years—the backer Lysenko, the dabbler in linguistics, t inventor of the "Doctors' Plot"—is pe haps another case. Yet to the end, prevailed: "No matter how much of h authority he had to delegate in view his age, there was still one decisi which no one could usurp and which alone could make: who would die a who would live."

Soviet society "worked well" in the years. The people to whom Stalin w "father" worked hard, and still fear the possibility of arrest too much to anything that might in fact merit Menaced as he felt by "conspiracie foreign and domestic, the "leader of progressive humanity" died peacefull It is hard to take exception to Ulan explanation, "banal" though he chara terizes it, that Stalin was a ruthle politician, transformed by the corru

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RANDOM NOTES

JUST OUT: *Chez Joey*, the collected ieces of *Village Voicer* Joe Flaherty, ows with an introduction by Wilfrid ieed (Coward, $7.95). . . . You've heard ost of them by now: *Senator Sam vin's Best Stories*, collected by Thad em Jr. and Alan Butler (Moore, $5.95). . . George Thayer investigates political mpaign financing in *Who Shakes the oney Tree?* (Simon & Schuster, $8.95). . . Oren Root dubs his autobiography *rsons and Persuasions* (Norton, $7.95). . . Reprinted by Intercollegiate Studies stitute, 14 S. Bryn Mawr Ave., Bryn awr, Pa. 19010: Frank S. Meyer's *In efense of Freedom*; $1 each, discounts r quantity orders.

FEBRUARY TITLES. Robert K. Mueller s served as a director of five corporaons, writes about *Board Life: Realities of ing a Corporate Director* (Amacom, .95). . . . BBDO President Charles ower, soon to step down, bids farewell the ad game in *Me and Other Advering Geniuses* (Doubleday, $6.95). . . . harles Templeton synthesizes the four spels into one narrative and modernizes language in *Jesus* (Simon & Schuster, .95). . . . *Beautiful Lofty People* is a ssipy collection of portraits by Helen vington (Harcourt, $7.95).

■ PERIODICALS. Latest circulation figures for a variety of publications, based on late 1973 publishers' statements for issue nearest to filing date: *American Opinion*—37,000; *Atlantic*—350,000; *Battle Line* (American Conservative Union)—44,000; *Business Week*—740,000; *Capitalist Reporter*—75,000; *Catholic Currents*—3,000; *The Critic*—28,000; *Forbes*—628,000; *Harper's*—330,000; *Human Events*—67,000; *Modern Age*—6,000; [*MORE*]—11,000; *National Catholic Reporter*—37,000; NATIONAL REVIEW—106,000; *The New Republic*—96,000; *Newsweek*—2,820,000; *The New Yorker*—479,000; *Ripon Forum*—3,000 (well, 2,546); *Saturday Review/World*—748,000; *Time*—4,723,000; *U.S. News & World Report*—2,030,000; *Variety*—39,000; *W*—132,000; *The Wanderer*—43,000; *Washington Report* (American Security Council)—60,000.

■ MARCH PAPERBACKS. Bantam leads off with Solzhenitsyn's *August 1914* ($2.25). . . . Fawcett offers Louis Nizer's study of the Rosenberg trial (for which the Rosenberg sons sued him), *The Implosion Conspiracy* ($1.75). The same house features Anthony Sampson's muckraking *The Sovereign State of ITT*. . . . In the same genre is *Investigating the FBI*, edited by Pat Watters and Stephen Gillers (Ballantine, $1.95). . . . Harpo's autobiography, written with Rowland Barber, due from Curtis at $1.50.

n of absolute power into a monstrous ant. Surely, this is enough.

"To those who lived through 1937, thing is inconceivable." This is probly true: those who witnessed the oodbath of the "great terror" (as well the other horrors) are not, *could* no nger be, "normal people"; they know w elastic are the limits of the possi-. Yet one wonders. A Soviet quaintance who lived through 1937—e was a young woman then—once d that "too much" was made of the rge: she had known only "four or e" people who were taken. She was sadist, no denouncer herself, but rected the capacity to endure and enre which Solzhenitsyn has seen as so aracteristic of Russians. This is a ength, but also a tragic liability. It cilitates the rise of a Stalin, stabilizes domination, and, somewhat paraxically, assures his heirs their own bility without the use of the mass ror that brings social paralysis. No ss riots greeted Stalin's death in the SSR, no emergence of demands for a ocialism with a human face"—the masses had learned well from their "teacher" that survival itself was a gift, and that it too could be taken away.

Stalin's heirs are still gathered under his mantle, and they benefit from the lessons he taught so well to their subjects. Under them, life *has* become "better, gayer," for the supply of the bread the masses understand has increased, while the freedom they do not comprehend has been withheld without being missed. The Sakharovs and Amalriks are few among a population that "endures" so well.

An enduring set of social and political institutions, a population submissive even though a growing proportion never experienced his rule—this is the frozen stability of the Soviet Union today, still attributable to a man who understood what force and violence can accomplish. In a world where change and revolt often seem ubiquitous, this stability, like the period of Stalin's rule itself, is, in Ulam's apt characterization, *preposterous*. But then, as even "normal people" should learn, anything is possible. □

Hitler: Legend, Myth, and Reality
By Werner Maser
Harper & Row, 433 pp., $12.50

SMALL EVIDENCE, LARGE CONCLUSIONS

BRENTON H. SMITH

After doing an autopsy a medical doctor prepares his report on a case of pervasive cancer. After doing a good deal of research a biographer prepares his report on a case of total tyranny. In either situation what is involved is the examination of something horrible. But there is a difference. The doctor does his job because he wants to gain at least one more snippet of knowledge that will make for a happier tomorrow. The biographer cannot claim as much. He may hope that his work is politically and morally instructive, but at the same time he may readily admit that, like many other people, he has a morbid curiosity about the monstrous aspect of human behavior.

This biography of Adolf Hitler provides a good example of the genre. Werner Maser, aside from being modest in trying to diagnose the Germany that was willing to accept Hitler's leadership, makes no pretense of knowing how to prevent future Hitlers. He is just fascinated by Hitler, he wants to explain him. Until recently, and certainly in the era of World War II and its aftermath, explaining Hitler meant covering him with all the unflattering words and phrases in the English language. He was moronic, irrational, illiterate, maniacal, paranoid, immoral, degenerate, hysterical, syphilitic, rabble-rousing, and crazed with fear that he was partly Jewish. According to taste, he was homosexual, bisexual, or asexual. In his spare time he chewed rugs. The trouble with this picture is that it makes a difficult job impossible—the job of trying to explain how Hitler rose to such heights of power and popularity.

The last thing that Maser wants to do is to make Hitler look attractive. Hitler remains the fury of the twentieth century, but Maser is trying to present an understandable fury, a fury that arose from perverted genius. In part, he succeeds. The Führer emerges as largely free from psychological disturbances.

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His sexual urges were normal, and, though he was hateful toward mankind as a whole, he was quite capable of tenderness toward individuals, witness his love affair with his own niece and mistress, Geli Raubal. In his artistic career, of course, he was a failure, and yet he had a very decided artistic impulse. In fact, Maser might have added that Hitler had far more such impulse than did almost any other great world leader of the time. One may sigh with relief, though, that Richard Wagner, for whose music Hitler had particular admiration, is not being blamed once more as a main generator of Hitler's behavior. Pleasantly enough, Martin Luther, who is now and then cited in history books as a kindred spirit of Hitler, is not heavily blamed either.

WHAT Maser says about Hitler's mind is what we least want to hear. It was a good mind. As Maser puts it, Hitler had "a remarkable memory and astonishing mental resources." He constantly startled his military and naval advisers with his detailed knowledge of weaponry and the techniques of war. For a while, at least, he held them in awe of his great superiority in matters of strategy. From his very early years onward he had read voraciously in many fields. He would go to a library and almost literally go through it shelf by shelf.

But the questions remain. What did he read? Who gave him his ideas? Nobody knows, for sure. He himself might have provided the answer in *Mein Kampf*. He failed to do so. In intellectual pedigree he cannot be traced back to obvious forebears the way Stalin may be traced back to Lenin, Marx, and Hegel.

Maser admits that the roots of Hitler's program, especially his antisemitism, remain uncertain. Yet he pursues the matter almost to the point of futility. He does not believe that Hitler's mentor was Nietzsche. More likely, his mentor was another German philosopher. In the mid 1960s Maser took the oral testimonies of people—mostly obscure people, including Hitler's landlord—who had known Hitler half a century earlier. He has come to the conclusion that Hitler was an eager follower of Schopenhauer. It can also be presumed, Maser says, that he knew Plato. Why? Because Schopenhauer in a preface had recommended the reading of Plato and because in one conversation during World War II Hitler uttered a couple of sentences on the subject of immortality that sounded vaguely Platonic. On a number of occasions Hitler made passing references to Clausewitz *as if* he had at least a little knowledge of his work. So Maser supposes that he actually had such knowledge.

Then Maser brings up the little known social Darwinian Wilhelm Bölsche, an author of the late nineteenth century. Because of a pseudo-biological jargon that is common to Bölsche and Hitler, Maser draws the conclusion that Hitler got his antisemitism, even his plan for the gas chambers, from Bölsche. Yet Maser does not cite any thoughts of Bölsche that are specifically antisemitic in character, and he admits that there is no evidence at all that Hitler ever so much as mentioned the name Bölsche. Very probably, then, many historians will find Maser's argument here much too contrived to be acceptable.

One of Maser's most recurrent themes is Hitler's health. In fact, Maser is probably more obsessed about Hitler's health than Hitler himself ever was. The Führer is described as being afraid of an early death from 1937 onward. Accordingly he immediately rushed ahead with all his plans, especially his plans for war. The basis for believing all this? A statement by Hitler's quack doctor, Theodor Morell, right after World War II, and a statement made in 1969 by the sister of Hitler's mistress, Eva Braun.

Not much of a case to work with. □

Fasanella's City: The Paintings of Ralph Fasanella with the Story of His Life
By Patrick Watson
Knopf, 150 pp., $15

'NAIVE' ARTIST OF THE CITY

RUTH BERENSON

Latest to join the ranks of those "naive" painters in whom American art, almost since its beginnings, has abounded, is Ralph Fasanella, one-time member of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade in the Spanish Civil War, former organizer for the United Electrical Workers, and, more recently, gas station attendant i the Bronx.

For the past 30 years Fasanella ha been producing elaborately colorfu dream visions of New York, especiall the Italian neighborhood where h grew up, stashing them away when the failed to sell. He has not been totall neglected: in 1957 he had a one-ma show at a Jane Street gallery that wa actually reviewed in the *New Yor Times*, never noted for the inclusivene of its art coverage. Robert Gwathme successful abstract painter, tried to in terest commercial galleries in his wor and in 1962 another artist friend gav him another one-man show in his apar ment. But it was not until he met a g getting agent, Jay Hoffman, that he b gan to be generally recognized. Hof man got *New York* Magazine to run well illustrated cover story on him 1972 and Automation House to mou an exhibition. Now, freelance writ Patrick Watson has written a boo about him, lavishly color-plated, and becomes clear that Fasanella is the mo interesting untaught painter to surfa on the art scene since Grandma Mose

UNLIKE most naive artists, his bac ground is urban, not rural, and th childhood memories on which his pi tures are based concern the teneme on Sullivan Street in Greenwich Villa where he grew up, one of hundreds Italian slum kids, sharing a bed wi his brother, playing stickball in the sur mers and hooky in the winters, admi ing the "Big Ghees"—gangsters—wh unlike his hard-working parents, ha made it big in the new country.

With a few exceptions, Fasanell pictures are not literal transcriptions these streetscapes but fantastic embe lishments of them. Often fronts of buil ings are cut off, like children's do houses or toy theaters, to reveal the contents. Though the earliest paintin are bare of human figures, the lat ones are overrun with them, each wi his own lively pose and distinctive clot ing. The street architecture gradual becomes more elaborate, until, in *Ne York City*, painted in 1957, a triptyc more than 9 feet long and 50 inch high, we have a gigantic panorama dozens, even hundreds of building parks, improbable towers and churche advertising signs, trucks, buses, bal carriages, sidewalk benches, subway st tions, newspaper kiosks, and peopl people, people. The picture, which th

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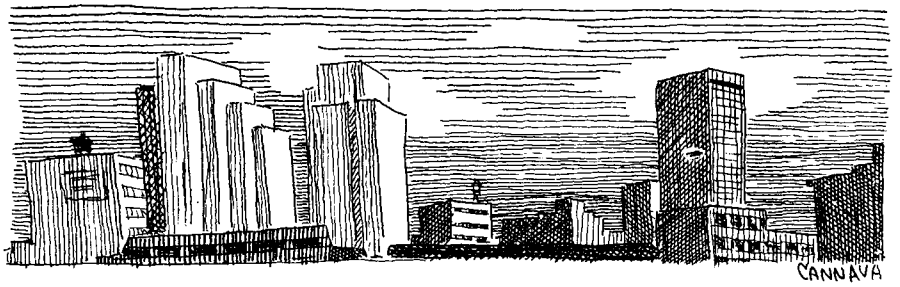
rtist, appropriately, has lent to City Hall, is a joyous, elating tour de force; is amazing that he took only six ıonths to finish it.

Though Fasanella stopped going to :hool after his release, at 15, from the atholic "Protectory" in the Bronx to hich he was twice consigned for re-eated truancy, he has read, and obvi-ısly thought, a lot. His conversation, reported in this book, reminds one Eric Hoffer except for his doctrinaire sistence, in his art, on toeing the Com-unist Party line. Martyrs to his cause e Vito Marcantonio, founder of the ft-leaning American Labor Party, and e Rosenbergs. He sees John Kennedy a victim of the "conspiracy" (con-ɔcted by the Ku Klux Klan and the l industry) which managed the killing Martin Luther King and the 18 vitnesses" who, according to Mark ane's fantasy on the Kennedy assas-nation, had to be done away with :fore they could talk. In his most re-:nt pictures, Fasanella portrays his ther, an iceman who deserted the mily while the artist was still in his ens, as a crucified Christ, his ice tongs, ıdges of his trade, equated to the rown of Thorns. All this symbolism rather jejune. But it doesn't matter uch. Fasanella is a genuine artist hose best work reflects the fecund ɔmplexities of New York of the 1930s much the same way that Grandma loses evoked the pastoral joys of her ew England girlhood. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF



WILLIAM AND MARY, *by Henri and Barbara van der Zee (Knopf, 483 pp., $12.50).* If anything else had been needed beyond de-capitating King Charles I to assert parlia-mentary control over the crown, the en-thronement of William III and Mary II in 1689 finished the job—after Parliament overthrew James II, forced him and his heir into exile, and invited princes of its own choosing to reign. This shady begin-ning of an English "dual monarchy" and Parliament's new annual brake on the Crown's spending signified a point of no return for effective royal power in Britain. Amateurs of history can only regret that comparatively colorless figures like the Dutch *Stadholder* Willem and his Stuart consort (and first cousin) were at the heart of this dramatic transformation of British politics and, given William's long vendetta against Louis XIV, of Britain's policy in Europe. The van der Zees, however, have capably made the most of the gaudy rulers and courtiers of the day, of the endless round of ceremony and welter of palace intrigue, and of the horrors of medicine and greater horrors of spelling among the "educated," to bring the world of William and Mary vividly to life and in commendably scholarly fashion. Not only that, the authors explore at length the juiciest tidbit of dynastic gossip of 1700: that William III (by then a wid-ower) was a devotee of *les amours sin-gulières*, surrounded as he was by his ambiguous Dutch "favorites." But England has ever been a congenial setting for such peccadilloes; and if the King's tact failed him in those matters, it was in his bring-ing Dutch *mignons* over with him and ignoring the abundant local talent.

J. D. FUTCH

MURDERERS AND OTHER FRIENDLY PEOPLE, *The Public and Private Worlds of Inter-viewers, by Denis Brian (McGraw-Hill, 312 pp., $7.95).* An English journalist has published his interviews with famous in-terviewers—among them George Plimp-ton, Rex Reed. Gay Talese, and Studs Ter-kel—and at first glance the project looks insiderish to the point of incest. And Brian records the conversations in the Q-A format of the *Playboy* interviews, which can make for rough reading. Yet it's an odd fact of our times that one can become famous by interviewing famous people, and Tom Wolfe has suggested that a well done interview is really an art form; it's too bad Brian didn't include an interview with Wolfe. Brian bares the bones of one step in the process, when the journalist confronts his subject with a list of questions, and apparently little editing or retouching has been done. Brian's ap-proach to his subjects—questions based on hard research, an innocent-sounding en-thusiasm and occasional bumbling—lulls them into some revealing self-portraits. Benjamin DeMott and Malcolm Cowley are academics to the core (there's a Henry James story, Cowley says, "which you probably haven't read . . ."). Studs Terkel, the celebrated author of *Hard Times*, seems a nice man who is honestly dense about the undertone in his work: a sort of exploitation of the poor that used to be called "misery chiseling." Brian knows how to startle the over-interviewed with off-the-wall questions that get surpris-ing answers: Ever see a ghost? What makes you cry? He can stand back and let his subjects do themselves in: The Hemingway Hunters (Hotchner, Plimp-ton, Barnaby Conrad, et al.) remind one of a nest of baby foxes, yelping and snapping at one another. It's Rex Reed who steals the book. He comes across as courteous, alert, and endlessly curious, and his chat with Brian lets us listen in as two old pros swap stories. The book ought to be force-read by journalists, and it should fascinate everyone else.

D. CRINKLAW

THE IMPEACHMENT AND TRIAL OF ANDREW JOHNSON, *by Michael Les Benedict (Nor-ton, 212 pp., $6.95).* With serendipitous timing in a year when the unthinkable business of impeaching a President must suddenly be thought about, a Reconstruc-tion historian from Ohio State has pro-duced this fresh, incisive study of the only previous congressional effort to lob one into the men's room of the White House. Most popular accounts of the episode, as well as the surprisingly meager scholar-ship on it, have viewed the 1868 proceed-ing against the first President Johnson as a blatantly political lynching party; Bene-dict demurs sharply. Steeped in the sources of the period, attuned to its pas-sions and intrigues, and sympathetic to Republican fears that this accidental Southern Democratic President would sew up the wounds of war with the tumors of Rebel disloyalty and racism still inside, he makes a solid case that the impeachment drive was not aggression by Congress but a desperate defense against excesses in the Executive. A dizzying computer "scale analysis" of House and Senate voting pat-terns buttresses Benedict's findings for the expert, but the lay reader can skip these charts and still relish the high political drama, whose denouement Benedict shows to have grown so inevitable he does not even recount the climactic scene where ailing Kansas Senator Edmund Ross's ballot gave Johnson a "surprise" one-vote acquittal. Though fascinating parallels with the present suggest themselves on every page, the author tells his story with professional detachment, leaving the draw-ing of a modern moral to us. Watergate-watchers pondering whether impeachment should properly have political and ethical as well as judicial and legal dimensions, a preventive or solely a punitive function, will find much to chew on here.

A. J. KNEELAND

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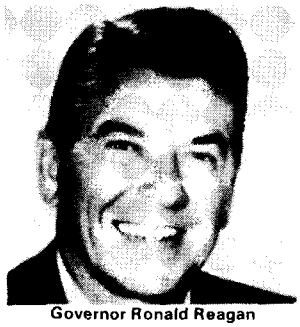

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WHELAN

(Continued from page 35)

January 1972, however, it was removed from the GRAS list and placed in a special category requiring packaging disclaimers about its possible adverse effects. Soon after this, a study by the Sugar Research Foundation indicated that several rats in a group of 20 fed high doses developed bladder cancer. In February of 1973, the FDA disclosed that some of its own still incomplete studies suggested that the sweetener causes cancer in animals.

But because of its unique position as the only available artificial sweetener, saccharin did not get the cyclamate treatment right away. (There is talk, of course, about other potential sweeteners, including "miracle fruit," the tasteless berry of a West African tree which has the capacity to render other substances sweet. Some optimism is expressed about the sweetening potential of the common artichoke. The technology for developing either as a sugar substitute, however, seems far away.) So, much to my chagrin, saccharin, like cyclamates, may soon be a thing of the past.

The implications of this form of regulation suggest that arbitrary food banning may remain with us as long as Mr. Delaney's Clause rules the land.

Experiments following techniques similar to those used in testing cyclamates, saccharin, and other additives have shown that large doses of Vitamin A bring about breast cancer in mice. Moldy rice can induce tumors in both rats and mice, and tannic acid, a natural component of tea and wine, is highly toxic when injected or applied to the skin of animals. Nitrite, the bacon and frankfurter preservative now on trial as a cancer-causing agent, is found naturally in substantial quantities in spinach, beets, radishes, eggplant, celery, collards, and turnip greens (should we ban vegetable gardens?).

Even the natural stuff in your sugar bowl is not free from attack: an English physician has presented evidence to suggest that sugar consumption contributes significantly to heart disease. Laboratory experiments on human subjects have shown that individuals eating significant amounts of sugar developed the types of physical changes associated with coronary heart disease. So even if saccharin is taken off the grocery shelf, we're still left with sugar and the questions it has raised. And if we continue testing and banning in this fashion, we may all die of starvation. □

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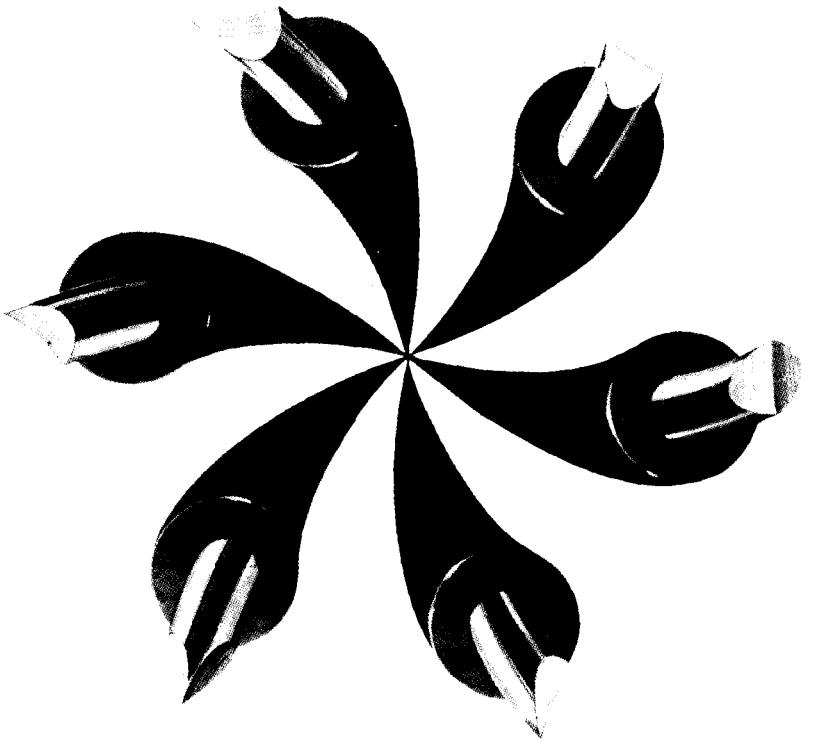

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

CHARLES [A.] LINDBERGH:

The keynote at the birth of Christ was simplicity. The keynote of Christmas today is luxury. The birth and life of Christ were surrounded with things mystical. Christmas and Christianity today are surrounded with things material.

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 6)

) me that you are saying that it is a empest in a teapot; or if not that, the ype of thing that would be wrong in pri- ate life, but let's not worry about politics eing that way; or if not that, a threat to ur constitutional system of allowing the resident to do what he pleases. Anything, ı other words, but a wave of justified ıdignation against dirty tricks, dangerous ractices, perjury, and unmitigated gall.

There is not the slightest doubt that the rofessional anticonservatives (for some- ow Mr. Nixon still remains a conserva- ve in their eyes) are drooling over the pportunity to hit him (and conservatives y ricochet) with everything they have. ut a whitewash of the affair is, as Talley- ınd said in another context, worse than crime: it is a blunder. The same logic ould have driven us to make a saint out Hitler because the Communists were at ar with him.

To my mind, the original crime is to- lly insignificant in comparison to the ssue of lies, evasions, pretended conces- ons, etc. on the part of the Administra- on. I do not recall people of our con- ctions cheering for Truman and com- ıny when they did all they could to ock investigation of corruption and sub- ersion. I see no reason why we should plaud one supposedly on our side using ch revolting tactics now. Unless the con- rvative side clearly seeks truth, we will ceive the same backlash that Nixon is ow, to my mind, most deservedly re- iving.

ookfield, Wis. J. ROBERT DREZ

elcome, Mr. Niemeyer

ıis November marked the tenth anniver- ry of the death of Clive Staples Lewis, ı event which went largely unnoticed at e time, as it coincided almost exactly th the assassination of John Kennedy.

Lewis was a remarkably prophetic writ- . Twenty-five and 30 years ago he was pounding some of the very ideas so ably pressed in Gerhart Niemeyer's Novem- r 23 column. In "The Humanitarian ıeory of Punishment" and "Dangers of ational Repentance," essays in the col- ction *God in the Dock*, Lewis clearly ints out our moral confusion. It is good have these warnings stated again, and vividly. We look forward to hearing ore from Mr. Niemeyer.

MRS. JOHN KIRKPATRICK
Secretary

ew Haven, Conn. C. S. Lewis Society

r. Elliott Clarifies

"The Week" [Oct. 12], you misrepre- nt the argument of my *Harper's* essay ome Disorders of Self-Assertion." I was lking about success-celebrities, not about litical or religious positions. I did not gue that the two Kennedys and Martin uther King were "clean," by which you imply that I consider a political celebrity "clean" if he hews to a liberal line. This has nothing to do with my actual argument. Instead, I argued that those three men were visibly successful, liked succeeding, and showed no signs of refusing success or of failing. For this reason, they stimulated murderous envy in nobodies who had wanted to succeed but had failed. Nixon's success is obviously polluted, not because his policies are conservative but because his methods of governing are contemptible and disruptive; as a result, no envious nobody would hope to acquire, in even the most perverse way, glory by assassinating him. There are less magical reasons for assassinating eminent men, but my argument is that this has been the most important one in the past decade and that it is connected with the way natural self-assertion is both inflamed and perverted in very many Americans.

Barry Goldwater would, in my view, have been in danger of his life had he been elected President. He showed every sign of meaning what he said and of wanting his success on his own clear terms or not at all. As for how "clean" (i.e., liberal) he was politically, that has nothing to do with the tortuous envy his success would have generated in nobodies, or with my argument. What mattered was that he showed no sign of setting out *to succeed in such a way as to spoil the success* (this is what is referred to by my phrase "the unmentioned, unmentionable part of the American dream," though you implied I meant something quite else). Goldwater openly strove and honestly failed to become President; therefore, though his honor is not tarnished, his celebrity is not lethal.

Whatever you may think of my argument, this is it and not what you said it was. It neither derives from nor relies upon some liberal orthodoxy, as you imply, any more than the purpose of such a theory is to distract attention from and thereby provide a shield for reactionary conspiracy, as I have heard from the Left.

Syracuse, N.Y. GEORGE P. ELLIOTT

We did not "imply" that Mr. Elliott identified cleanliness with liberalism, any more than we identified Mr. Nixon with conservatism. We simply found his generalities about what "America tells its children" doubtful on the face of them, and absurd when stretched to account for the murky motives of three real (and who knows how many hypothetical) assassins. —ED.

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WM. F. BUCKLEY, JR.

Nixon's Taxes

On The Right

New York, Dec. 18—There is palpable disappointment that President Nixon's tax returns have not disclosed a secret million dollar fund, or a numbered account in Switzerland; nor ratified the published suspicions of *Newsweek* about hanky-panky with daughter Tricia's returns. Still, there is a sense that Nixon-got-away-with-something. The anti-Nixon fever is comprehensive and undifferentiating.

What is a President of the United States supposed to say to the man who fills out his tax returns? "Don't take any of the exemptions or deductions to which I would be entitled if I were other than President of the United States?" One has the impression that only this would appease his critics.

Mr. Nixon has told us that an appraiser put the value of his papers at just over a half million dollars. In a matter of days, the appraiser was located. He is a reputable man. Yes, he said: that was the value he put on the vice presidential papers, and he would stick by it. Indeed, he thought the papers probably worth even more on the open market, but, he explained, any figure in excess of the figure he gave would not have been particularly useful to the President because of the carry-forward limitations of the relevant provision in the tax code.

Notwithstanding, the television commentators took lascivious pleasure in stating that Mr. Nixon, during the years in question, paid a tax about as high as would have been paid by a man whose entire income was $15,000. This is what students of rhetoric would call "an economy." It is quicker than saying the thing whole. But note how differently inflected is the difference. As it stood, the demonstration had the effect of persuading everyone with an income in the range of $15,000 that Nixon had gotten away with something, somehow at the expense of people less well off.

The impact would have been different had the commentator said: "Many years ago, the Congress of the United States, while under Democratic control, ruled that the market value of personal papers is deductible as a gift when given to the government or to an educational institution. Presidents have routinely taken advantage of this provision in the tax code in order to minimize their tax exposure. President Nixon did also. It was under President Nixon that the law was revised, to eliminate in the future this particular device."

So it is, really, with San Clemente, though the case is a little different. People are talking about whether the United States Government paid for a stray rose bush in the San Clemente garden. So Mr. Nixon announced that he would give his San Clemente estate to the government of the United States after his death.

But this will not still the criticism. Because it will appear, or be made to appear, as though he thought to give San Clemente to the government for the sole purpose of stilling criticisms over the public money used in the redecoration of San Clemente. If it had been John F. Kennedy, criticized for improvements in a house he constructed, while President, on the West Coast, the talk, with the possible exception of Westbrook Pegler, would have been of the far-seeing de-regionalization of a Western White House.

Now the carpers are saying that Nixon—concentrate hard, or this one will escape you—should have paid capital gains on his New York apartment because the proceeds from the sale of it were not in fact used to purchase a primary residence in San Clemente, because if San Clemente really was his primary residence, why then he would be paying California taxes, which he isn't paying because he is in the White House.

That kind of malevolent pettifoggery is what Mr. Nixon is facing these days. Are you really supposed to call the White House your primary residence for tax reasons? When there is a constitutional amendment that says you can't occupy it more than eight years running? Should Nixon have purchased the White House?

The anti-Nixon fever as I say is running very strong, and he has of course been responsible for a lot of it. But if there is a silver lining in the future, it has got to be, as I have observed before, the excesses of his critics. They are too much. □

FLAK CATCHING IN THE SCHOOLS

New York, Dec. 2(
—Here is a speci
men of how it goes

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school ethnic rate."

"Thanks very much, Mr. Jones, bu
we don't have a budget for advertisin
our school. It's a small school, and a
a matter of fact it's completely filled.

"But Mr. Stanton, the Internal Rev
enue Service has ruled that in order t
continue to qualify for tax exemption
all private schools must prove that the
don't discriminate against minority stu
dents."

"But Dr. Jones, the Alderton Acad
emy doesn't discriminate against mino
ity students. We had a black studer
here way back in the Thirties, an
we've got at this moment one Japanes
two Chinese, and someone from Tierr
del Fuego, in addition to four blac
students."

"That doesn't matter, Mr. Stanto
It's true that in the initial communic
tion, back in 1950, Internal Revenu
said that it would accept as evidence
a nondiscriminatory policy publishe
statements as to the 'racial' constituenc
of the student body. However, M
Stanton, as you must be aware, i
May 1972, in the communication For
L-339 (11-70), Internal Revenue mo
ified its policy. It requires that yo
'publicize the fact' that you are ope
to minority students 'within your con
munity.' And that, Mr. Stanton, is e
actly the service that the *Nation
Ethnic Daily News* provides."

"But Dr. Jones, intending no offens
whatever, I never heard of the *Nation
Ethnic Daily News*."

"That doesn't matter. It is a ver
important paper, and a reprint of you
ad will serve as evidence for Intern

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Revenue of your nondiscriminatory policies, entitling you to maintain your tax exemption."

"Dr. Jones, there are students in this school from 17 states of the union and our foreign countries. How can you possibly advertise to all these communities the policies of Alderton without taking time on the television networks?"

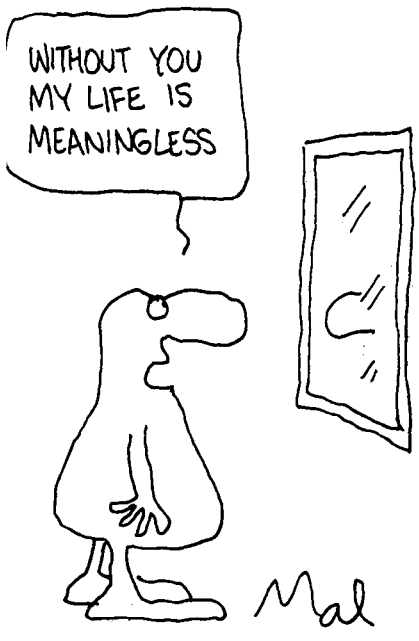
"Well, Mr. Stanton, we run a lot of school advertising, and no school that has advertised with us ever gets into trouble with the Internal Revenue people, so why don't you just be reasonable?"

"Dr." Jones, it usually turns out, isn't, of course, a doctor of anything, save possibly extortion. The *National Ethnic Daily News* is a boilerplate operation, which sets up only the ads it sells through these devices. And the techniques vary. Sometimes a business firm, sensitive about minority employment, just gets a bill from the fictitious newspaper or magazine. Sometimes the bill says: "For repeat of last year's ad," or the benefit of inertial advertising directors. One company receiving such notice hadn't existed the year before.

THE SCHOOLS have reported the whole business to the Better Business Bureau in Los Angeles, which appears to be the center of this operation. And the National Association of Independent Schools has sent out a bulletin to its membership, warning them about it.

Tom Wolfe wrote a wonderful essay few years ago, "Mau-Mauing the Flak Catchers," wherein he described with hilarity the techniques by which organized profiteers mulct money out of qual opportunity types by the judicious orchestration of wheedling and threat. So what else is new? The snake oil salesmen quite naturally gravitate to the economic payload, which is government-related enterprise. I do not greatly mind the Dr. Joneses of this world: they are routine extortionists.

Internal Revenue, by contrast, is not at all routine. The notion that a school needs to advertise its nondiscriminatory policies is the inversion of the usual presumption of innocence. Moreover, the threat is itself presumptuous, calling to mind the constitutional anxieties of some of the men, utterly unprejudiced though they themselves were, who voted against some of the civil rights acts in the mid-Fifties, which acts justify the current impertinencies. One wishes there were a Better Business Bureau to which to report Internal Revenue's excesses. □



ON RELEASING THE FIGURES

New York, Dec. 22 —The Nixon people are in turn suggesting that since the President has divulged his tax figures, others should proceed to do so. Other public officials, including, but by no means restricted to, senators and congressmen. There is great dismay and I share it. One's tax records are a truly intimate part of one's domestic arrangements, and I do not see that anyone should be entitled to forage over the tax returns of one class of Americans merely because it happens that they are elected public officials.

In an account of the turn of events that led to Richard Nixon's Checkers speech of a generation ago, Garry Wills made an interesting discovery. When Nixon announced on television that he would reveal his tax forms, he called on Candidate Adlai Stevenson to do the same thing. At that moment, General Eisenhower, peering at the set, visibly winced. He knew with the soldier's strategic intelligence that if Nixon's pressure on Stevenson worked, as probably it would, there would be successive pressure—on Dwight Eisenhower.

Eisenhower had nothing illegal to hide. He had paid his taxes. But it is true that he had been the beneficiary of a very favorable tax ruling, permitting him to pay capital gains taxes on his book *Crusade in Europe*. And it was also true that Dwight Eisenhower was simply not in the habit of giving money to charities. He had grown up in the austerity of Abilene, Kansas, where there was no surplus. And then, as a second lieutenant during the Depression, once again there was virtually no surplus. The habit of husbandry dies hard; but Ike knew that close readers of his returns would say to themselves: how is it that Dwight Eisenhower, who talks about individual responsibility, has never shown enough responsibility to give five bucks to the American Red Cross?

It is very easy to condemn. But tax forms are not a reliable profile of any one individual's charitable activities. They would not show, for instance, if Dwight Eisenhower had given a dozen speeches for the benefit of the Red Cross, waiving his fee. Tax returns do not, in any complete way, reveal the concatenation of pressures that might move an individual to list inordinate expenses of one kind, or to struggle greedily to increase his income: the crippled grandmother, or drunken wife, or mongoloid child, or sexually promiscuous daughter. Burdens like these gravely affect a man's ordering of his economic life—but not in ways immediately or even remotely visible to the reader who runs his eyes over them in search of politically useful dirt.

It seems a very long time ago that the critics of Mr. Nixon were identified with those in American society who desire to respect the privacy of other people. Those whose opposition to wiretaps was central to the faith, and to the fury of their attack on the so-called plumbers. It is worth noting that not a single leak that I know of has come from the White House, reporting on the contents of tapped telephone conversations. By contrast, the critics of Mr. Nixon regularly release the confidential minutes of grand jury and Senate investigating committee proceedings. And now they appear to be lined up behind the proposition that the entire world is entitled to examine the income tax records of all American public officials.

IN THE first place there is no reason to suppose that Internal Revenue isn't doing its job properly. If it isn't, then Internal Revenue should be investigated, not Congress. But if the objective is to submit the returns of public officials to very special scrutiny, why could not a committee of Congress—something like the standing committees on ethical practices—be charged with going over these returns, and questioning congressmen privately about apparent irregularities, reserving the right, by unanimous vote or something like it, to publicize said returns?

It is one thing to say we are gloriously bent on a purer politics. If we go about it by stripping all potential politicians of elementary protections of their privacy, we are going to have an extremely antiseptic Congress, uncontaminated by any human beings. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. An Oriental mode of punishment — 72 128 101 86 47 151 141 134 153

B. Not to be taken down — 84 7 68 74 32 38 165 169 181 103 / 177 97

C. Manhandled — 107 178 21 90 61 161 144

D. Our neighbor (and what they call us) — 122 9 41 50 82 95 105 190 133 147 / 179 184 27

E. Fit for a growing boy (food) — 129 73 106 5 53 198 96 39 49

F. FEW REAL CHASTE (anagram) — 31 19 15 58 93 118 131 146 2 30 / 35 54 66

G. County of which Isle of Wight is a part — 168 138 78 156 199 91 44 18 166

H. Essential nature — 173 162 92 98 110 69

I. Opium, morphine, belladonna, et cetera — 13 42 62 34 67 75 89 22 51

J. Not suitable — 11 81 120 152 176 191 28 4 23 40 / 123 136 145

K. An extinct Muskhogean tribe that once lived on the lower Mississippi River — 29 14 25 102 187 192 45 26 172 56 / 76 80 115 135

L. What members of the national House of Representatives come from — 48 111 77 155 196 114 130 60 142

M. FOCUS OF HEIR (anagram) — 150 83 119 126 195 8 55 157 17 201 / 64

N. An actor (Born in London, 1921) — 180 79 163 171 36 6 112

O. Don't beat around these — 16 108 71 87 3 10

P. A chief justice of the United States — 186 24 185 143

Q. A statement or allegation to be judged on the basis of the evidence — 160 20 59 65 70 85 125 140 170 193 / 109 116

R. What many graduates actually are — 63 104 137 127 194 121 164 167 188 37

S. Makes dirty or untidy — 100 46 154 148 113 174

T. A pretentious, swaggering display of courage — 189 88 132 94 200 139 12

U. A city on Long Island — 43 117 124 149 182 175 33 52 158

V. Landed properties — 57 99 202 197 1 159 183

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 50 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram

1 V	2 F	3 O		4 J	5 E	6 N	7 B	8 M	9 D	10 O	11 J	12 T	13 I	14 K	15 F		16 O
17 M	18 G	19 F	20 Q	21 C	22 I	23 J	24 P	25 K		26 K	27 D		28 J	29 K	30 F		31 F
32 B	33 U		34 I	35 F	36 N		37 R	38 B	39 E	40 J	41 D	42 I	43 U	44 G	45 K	46 S	
47 A	48 L	49 E	50 D	51 I		52 U	53 E	54 F	55 M		56 K	57 V	58 F	59 Q		60 L	61 C
62 I	63 R	64 M	65 Q	66 F		67 I	68 B		69 H	70 Q	71 O	72 A	73 E	74 B	75 I	76 K	77 L
78 G	79 N		80 K	81 J	82 D		83 M	84 B	85 Q	86 A	87 O	88 T	89 I	90 C	91 G	92 H	
93 F	94 T	95 D	96 E	97 B	98 H	99 V	100S	101A		102K	103B	104R	105D	106E	107C	108O	109Q
110H	111L	112N	113S		114L	115K	116Q	117U	118F	119M	120J	121R	122D		123J	124U	125Q
126M	127R	128A	129E	130L	131F		132T	133D	134A		135K	136J	137R	138G	139T	140Q	141A
142L	143P		144C	145J	146F	147D	148S	149U	150M	151A		152J	153A	154S	155L	156G	157M
158U	159V	160Q	161C	162H	163N		164R	165B	166G		167R	168G	169B		170Q	171N	172K
173H	174S	175U		176J	177B	178C	179D	180N	181B	182U	183V		184D	185P		186P	187K
188R		189T	190D	191J	192K	193Q	194R	195M	196L	197V	198E	199G		200T	201M	202V	

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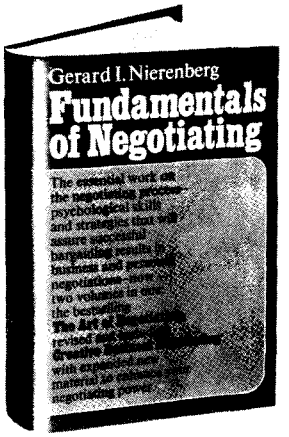

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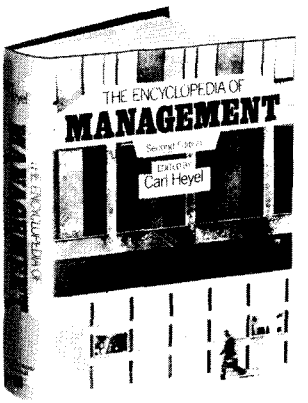

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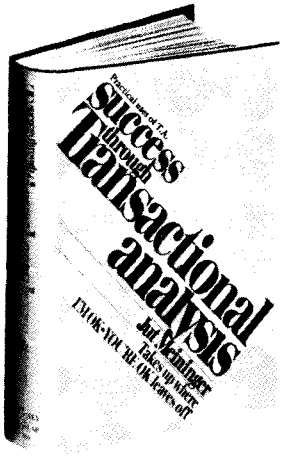

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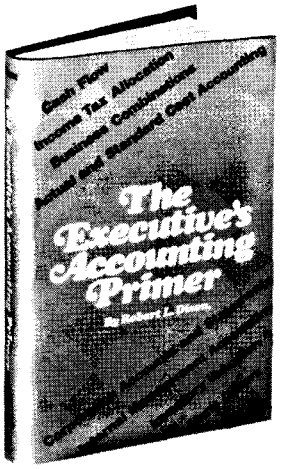

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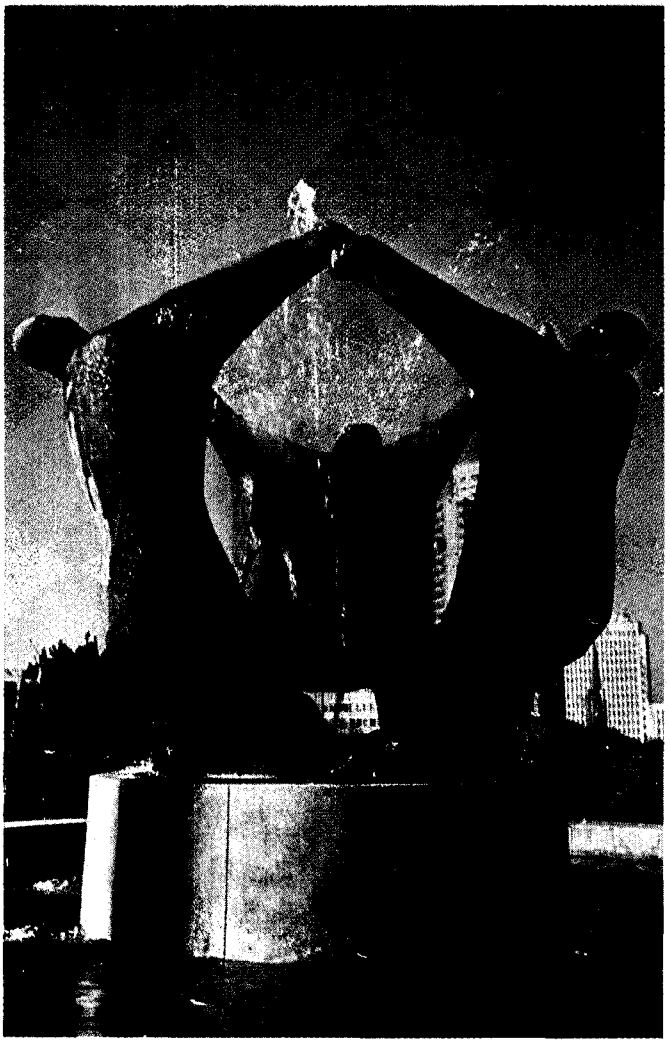

The women artists of the N'debele village have created abstract, geometric murals on the walls of their houses with masterly precision. There's something about the broad, bold strokes and bright, rich colors that has been an inspiration to artists like Picasso, Leger and Modigliani.

And the beadwork and blankets these women weave capture the same primitive spirit found in their paintings.

This fascinating village is just a short ride from Pretoria. And, as is the case with most South African art, you won't have to look *for* it to look *at* it. It's part of the scenery.

The work of great sculptors can be seen in public squares throughout South Africa. Ernest Ullmann's "The Playmakers" (illustrated above) stands in front of Johannesburg's Civic Theatre.

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